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# SEA-LIFE SIXTY YEARS AGO

# SEA-LIFE

## SIXTY YEARS AGO

*A RECORD OF ADVENTURES WHICH*
*LED UP TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE RELICS*
*OF THE LONG-MISSING EXPEDITION COMMANDED BY*
*THE COMTE DE LA PEROUSE*

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BY

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# PREFACE.

THIS year of our Lord, 1885, being the centenary of the Comte de la Perouse's departure from his native land on the voyage to the South Seas, from which he never returned, it has occurred to me to put together some record of a chain of events in my own life and that of others which ultimately led to the discovery of the relics of his ill-fated expedition.

About sixty years ago, in the performance of my duty as trading officer of the *St. Patrick*, Captain Peter Dillon, at the island of Tucopia, it was my hap to purchase the silver guard of La Perouse's own sword. This furnished a clue which was followed up until the search undertaken was crowned with success.

In the following narrative I have relied on neither memory nor imagination. It is compiled entirely from letters and a journal written on the spot, and

now brought to light again, after being stowed away for more than half a century. The marvellous escape of Dillon and Martin Buchert was described to me circumstantially by both of them independently, and their accounts agree in every particular.

I now send forth my plain, unvarnished tale, hoping my readers may feel some interest in anything which recalls the memory of one of the most distinguished and philanthropic navigators of the olden time.

TRINITY HOUSE,
*July* 25, 1885.

# SEA-LIFE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER I.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care;
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

GRAY.

IN these days, when every part of the world is well known, its coasts, islands, etc., accurately surveyed, charts corrected up to the latest date, most of the old unseaworthy craft broken up or otherwise disposed of, and maritime traffic carried on in the finest fleet of merchant ships ever afloat, the mariner has reason to suppose he may get safely through any voyage he may start upon; or, in the event of wreck, that he will find opportunities of making his way home. But things were very different in former times; consequently, if sailors then had many more

dangers and difficulties to encounter, they also met with stirring adventures, such as are seldom experienced now. When trading amongst the South Sea Islands, or other remote places, the captain of a vessel could do pretty much as he liked, for no law could reach him.

Of late years, the memory of many men who distinguished themselves in various ways during their lives has been revived on the centenary of their birth or death. Just a hundred years have now elapsed since the departure of the most celebrated of French navigators on a voyage of discovery in the South Seas, from which he never returned. In the following pages will be found a record of the remarkable chain of adventures (with the latter part of which the writer was personally associated) that ultimately led to a thorough clearing up of the mystery which had so long shrouded the fate of this French expedition commanded by the Comte de la Perouse.

Europe at that time had been indebted to the navigators of Portugal, Spain, England, Holland, and France for discoveries in various parts of the world—from Magellan, who, in 1519, passed through the straits named after him which connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, to our circumnavigator Cook, who was killed at Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, during an affray with the natives, in 1778. About

seven years after this untoward event, in 1785, the French Government fitted out two frigates, *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe* (the *Compass* and the *Quadrant*). The command of this expedition was given to the Comte Jean François Galaup de la Perouse, and *L'Astrolabe* was commanded by Mons. de Langle, another distinguished officer. No expense was spared in supplying the ships with everything which could contribute to the health and comfort of the officers and crews. They set sail with bright anticipations of making new and wonderful discoveries, and in due time bringing home a large addition to the stock of information already obtained about the beautiful islands of the South Pacific—hopes, alas! destined never to be realized.

From time to time glowing accounts were received from the expedition, La Perouse making a practice of sending home a copy of his journal and observations whenever he met with a vessel bound to any civilized port. In December, 1787, they arrived off the island of Maouna, where Mons. de Langle wished to obtain a supply of fresh water, several of his crew being afflicted with scurvy. As the vessels would be obliged to anchor, or heave to, so far from the watering place that the ships' guns could be of no service in case of need, La Perouse was averse to giving his sanction for watering at this island,

especially as there was no scarcity of water on board *L'Astrolabe*, and the ships were bound for Botany Bay, where, in a few days, they would be able to procure an abundance without difficulty or risk of life. He allowed himself, however, to be persuaded out of his better judgment, and reluctantly gave permission for the boats to land, merely giving orders that the crews should be well armed. Four boats, commanded by De Langle in person, and manned by sixty officers and seamen, passed through the opening in the reef. As they approached the beach, the water became more shallow than they expected, and unfortunately the two largest boats took the ground. The natives, however, seemed to be very friendly, and the business of watering and getting the two boats afloat was apparently going on satisfactorily, when suddenly one of the natives gave a great shout. At once the scene changed; the women caught up their children and fled, and the men hurled a volley of stones at the Frenchmen. The sailors were instantly ready to reply with their muskets, but Mons. de Langle, who was making his way to the boat, wishing to avoid bloodshed, called to them not to fire. Mistaken clemency! The natives rushed upon him, and in one moment he and those with him were felled to the ground by the clubs of the savages whose lives he had just spared. The next in com-

mand ordered a volley to be fired amongst them; several were killed, and their advance was checked. Meanwhile, the sailors succeeded in getting all but one boat afloat, and forty-nine of them made their escape to the ships.

When they arrived alongside, about a hundred canoes were lying around the vessels, the natives in them peaceably trading. Exasperated by the treachery of those on shore, the French seamen flew to their guns, and would have wreaked their vengeance on these unoffending people; but La Perouse gave strict orders that, as none of them could have had anything to do with the massacre, they should not be fired on. A small canoe had followed the ship's boats at a respectful distance, and the dreadful occurrence being made known amongst the natives around, they all made off, and in less than an hour not a single canoe remained in sight.

The ships sailed towards the land, La Perouse intending to punish the guilty villagers; but after endeavouring for two days to find a passage through the reefs large enough to admit the ships, without success, they bore up for Botany Bay, where they arrived early in 1788. The last letter from La Perouse bears date in February of that year. In that letter he sketches out his plan for the future prosecution of his voyage, and states that he hoped to arrive

home about June, 1789. The *Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe* sailed from Botany Bay in March, 1788, and thirty-eight years passed away before any tidings were obtained of their melancholy fate.

In February, 1791, the French National Assembly ordered another expedition to be fitted out to cruise about the South Seas in search of La Perouse, the command of it being given to General D'Entrecasteaux. They also sent a circular to ambassadors, consuls, agents, etc., at all the courts of the different powers, requesting, in the name of humanity and of the arts and sciences, that they would charge all navigators subject to their control, wherever they might be, to make every inquiry after the missing ships, the French Government engaging to indemnify and reward any person who could procure authentic information of the unfortunate expedition, or render any assistance to the survivors.

General D'Entrecasteaux sailed, and, after an ineffectual search during the next two years, was returning to France, his crew being much enfeebled by sickness, when he himself was taken ill and died. The ships put into Batavia, where nearly the whole of the remainder of the crew also died, very few of them eventually reaching home. The friends of La Perouse, his officers, and seamen, who between hope and fear had been long and anxiously await-

ing intelligence, had now the last shadow of hope wrested from them, and gave themselves up to despair of ever seeing their relatives again. The track of D'Entrecasteaux's ships laid down on the chart shows that they passed within a few miles of the island where his countrymen were daily looking out for deliverance.

## CHAPTER II.

"The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail."
TUPPER.

I MUST now pass over an interval of twenty-five years, during which, notwithstanding the rewards offered by the French Government, no trace of La Perouse's vessels had been discovered. At this time (1813) a lucrative trade was carried on between the South Sea Islands and China, mostly in vessels of from two hundred to three hundred tons, belonging to Calcutta. The trade consisted chiefly of sandal-wood, which was plentiful in many of the islands and was used by the Chinese for burning in their temples, and Bêche de Mer (sea-slugs). Sharks' fins were also collected in great quantities. On the two last, and birds' nests, etc., the Chinese cooks exercise their skill in producing a great variety of savoury dishes. I speak from experience, having assisted some fifty years ago at a grand chopstick breakfast, given by one of the Hong merchants.

In September, 1813, the barque *Hunter*, of Calcutta, Captain Robson, was lying in one of the harbours of the Fiji Islands, with about two-thirds of her cargo on board. In connection with this ship and her cargo occurred the first of the events before mentioned, which led to the discovery of the wrecks of *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe*.

The chief officer of the *Hunter* was named Peter Dillon. He was then about twenty-eight years of age, and had made several voyages between Calcutta and Australia, the South Sea Islands, China, and South America. Of commanding stature (he stood six feet four without his shoes) and herculean strength, with "brawny shoulders three feet square," and a handsome, open countenance, he might well have passed for a twin brother of the renowned Paddy Carey. Though naturally very excitable, and, when anything occurred to displease him, tyrannical in the extreme, he would frequently unbend, and would then entertain his brother-officers with such graphic accounts of his adventures during voyages among the southern and eastern seas as made him *pro tem.* a very agreeable companion. From these he would sometimes diverge to tales of the "ould counthry," and all unused as he was to the melting mood, I have seen the big tear steal down his cheek as, in low murmuring tones, he would sing "Savourneen Deelish," and other

plaintive songs of his native land. From long intercourse with the South Sea natives, he had acquired habits of wariness which forearmed him against treachery; whilst, by a thorough knowledge of their language and usually winning manners towards them, coupled with his fine athletic form and a certain *Nemo me impune lacessit* bearing, together with a free indulgence in the licentious manners then prevalent, he had acquired considerable influence among their chiefs. To them he was known by the familiar name of "Peter." In times of danger Peter Dillon was perfectly cool and self-reliant, whether amid the howling storm, the dangerous coral reefs, or the treacherous inhabitants of those beautiful islands. The consummate command which he appeared to exercise over his temper, when it was to his interest to keep cool, even under real provocation, was very remarkable.

The natives had been on the most friendly terms with Captain Robson and all hands; they had dealt fairly thus far, bringing the sandal-wood off in their canoes, and receiving in exchange all sorts of tools, cotton, cloth, fish-hooks, glass beads, etc., etc. At this time the chiefs asked the captain to let them have a quantity of the articles with which they were to be paid for the rest of the cargo, that they might stimulate their people to greater exertion by allowing them to see what was to be the reward of their labour,

and the *Hunter* would soon be filled up. Having every confidence in these chiefs from his acquaintance with them on former voyages, and the fairness in dealing they had hitherto manifested on this one, Captain Robson was thrown off his guard, and in an evil hour granted their request to some extent, in full expectation that he would now experience no further delay.

Every one knows the two bad paymasters: in the present instance, paying beforehand led to the most fatal consequences. Day after day the ship was detained at her anchors, for the sandal-wood which had been paid for was not forthcoming. Many European sailors, and some Lascars who had deserted their ships, were living amongst the Fijians, and these men were induced to remonstrate with the chiefs for not keeping faith with the captain. But all to no purpose; they would not be persuaded to do so.

Under these circumstances, the captain determined to possess himself by force of what he could not obtain by fair trading. Having been informed that a considerable quantity of sandal-wood was lying concealed in the native huts opposite the ship, and having bargained with the Europeans on shore to side with the ship's crew, the captain sent a well-armed party on shore, under the command of Mr. Peter Dillon, with instructions to demand delivery of the

sandal-wood. If the chiefs would not comply, he was to attack them at once, and lay hands on whatever was found in the huts.

As Dillon and his men landed, they were joined by the Europeans on shore. The response of the chiefs to his demand was the sound of war-conchs, summoning their people to arms. A fight ensued, in which many of the poor creatures were shot, and the remainder, with the women and children, fled to the woods, whither Dillon did not deem it prudent to follow them. Stationing a look-out, the party took all they could find, and, after setting fire to the huts, loaded their boats with the booty and returned to the ship, accompanied by their allies, who did not think it safe to remain on shore. Eight natives were taken prisoners, and were also conveyed on board.

Under the impression that they would find another store of sandal-wood at the neighbouring village called Vilear, on the following morning the officers asked permission of the captain to proceed there and get possession of it. This was too readily agreed to; and, flushed with the success which attended their raid of the preceding day, the same party, thirty-seven in all, under the command of Peter Dillon and another officer, all well armed, left the ship with the determination of driving the natives out of Vilear and carrying off the spoil. The French have a

proverb, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." Little did they dream of the fearful retribution that awaited them.

Mr. Dillon and his party landed on the beach in front of Vilcar, formed in order, and marched up to the huts, much surprised that they had encountered no opposition. They found the village entirely deserted, and everything movable taken away. Not a soul was to be seen except themselves. Suspecting that the natives were lying in ambush at no great distance, Dillon ordered his men to keep together, with the intention of retreating at once to the boats; but he had a lawless set to deal with in many of the men who had joined him. Deaf alike to his commands and warnings, and enraged at not finding any plunder, they separated into small parties, in order to set fire to the whole village at once, thus losing their only chance of getting back to the boats. Dillon only succeeded in retaining five to stand by him—Martin Buchert (a Prussian), two Englishmen, and a Chinaman, all of whom had been living with the natives, and William Wilson, a lad belonging to the ship. Each had a musket and pistols.

Whilst Dillon was giving orders to these men as to what they should do in case of a sudden attack, the rest of them straggled about among the huts, and commenced their work of destruction. Several

huts were on fire, and with pirate-like recklessness the sailors were exulting in the fast-spreading desolation, as the towering flames rose up from the crackling bamboo huts, when suddenly, far above the shouts of the seamen and the noise of the blazing village, burst forth the war-cry of the savages and the boom of their war-conchs, as with hideous yells they rushed from the woods where they had lain concealed.

Struck with dismay, the ill-fated Europeans shouted to each other to close and stand to their arms; but all to no purpose. They had strayed too far from one another, and before they had the slightest chance of acting in concert, a thousand natives, like infuriated tigers, came bounding on their prey. The seamen fought desperately. After once firing their muskets, they had no time to reload, so fought with the butts, and many a Fijian succumbed to the vigorous blows they dealt out; but the odds were too great, and, overpowered by numbers, one after another was knocked over till not one remained alive. The savages then celebrated their victory by a fiendish dance over the prostrate corpses, while the air was rent by their horrid imprecations.

But what had become of Dillon, with his five comrades? With the coolness for which through life he was so remarkable, he arranged his little band for

retreat to a steep eminence in his rear, a body of the natives having thrown themselves between him and the beach. He disposed of his little force as follows: himself, the Prussian, and the two Englishmen in the van, William Wilson and the Chinaman in the rear, the duty of the two latter being to load the muskets as quickly as possible when handed to them. The natives soon came rushing on, with the intention of serving them as they had served their late companions. Dillon allowed them to come within musket-range, when he and Buchert fired, and dropped the two foremost of them; then, handing their muskets behind, received the two loaded ones instead. Meanwhile, the two Englishmen fired and killed two more; then received the two reloaded muskets. They took good aim, and every shot told. In this manner they kept the natives in check until they succeeded in taking up a position on the top of the rocky knoll. During this extraordinary retreat, Buchert killed twenty-seven men with twenty-eight shots, only wounding once, and this with the old Brown Bess; there were no rifles amongst them. Dillon and the other two also killed a great number.

The chiefs used their utmost endeavours to incite their men to charge up the hill; but so completely terrified were they by the deadly effect of the muskets, that though great rewards were offered to any who

would kill the "Pakehas," none were found to venture up. They surrounded the hill, so as to cut off all means of escape; then collected a quantity of wood, with which they made a number of large fires over the smouldering embers of their ruined village, and dragging along some of the bodies of the unfortunate seamen, cut them into pieces, and, with furious yells of triumph and demoniacal dances and gestures, scorched and devoured them within sight and hearing of the unhappy remnant of the expedition.

Stimulated by their cannibal feast, they made the air resound with their war-shouts, uttering the most frantic expressions of hatred and revenge. The chiefs boasted of how many men they had killed, and called out to Dillon, "Aromai no, Peter!" "Come down, come down, and bring your men! If you don't come down now, we shall kill and eat you as soon as it is dark; for then we'll rush up, and you won't see us."

But they had a master-mind to deal with. Calm, cool, and undaunted in the midst of this terrible danger, Dillon never for a moment lost his presence of mind, or forgot to keep a vigilant eye on the movements of the natives. Drawing himself up to his full height, and giving full play to his powerful lungs, in their own language he hurled back the taunts and defiance of the chiefs, telling them that, if he was

killed, the captain would hang all the prisoners at the yard-arm. The reply was just what might have been expected from savages—the captain might kill and devour them if he liked, but that was what they would do with Peter and the others. Then they went through the pantomime of cutting them up and roasting them. Dillon, when relating the story in after years, used to remark with grim humour, "Auch! an' it's not iv'ry one that's had the j'ints of him bespoke for supper by the haythin cannibals."

Whilst these mutual defiances were going on, Buchert spied a native creeping up amongst some bushes at the side of the hill. He warned his chief, laid his musket on a comrade's shoulder, and, taking deliberate aim, killed the man on the spot; not, however, before he had thrown his spear with unerring aim, and wounded the lad Wilson in the arm.

Hemmed in as they were on all sides, they had decided that, rather than fall alive into the hands of the natives, they would shoot one another. After waiting a long time, however, the two Englishmen, unable to endure the strain any longer, thought that, by the promise of some great reward from the captain, they might possibly make a bargain with the chief under whose protection they had been living to let them pass. Dillon vainly endeavoured to dissuade

them from their purpose. They said that if it was to be, they would rather meet their fate at once; but they had lived on such friendly terms with the chief, that they were quite sure they could make terms with him. So, in spite of the protests of their comrades, they started off together. The natives never stirred till the sailors reached the foot of the hill, when a number of them suddenly sprang up, and in an instant despatched them with their clubs. They then cut up their bodies, and scorched the still quivering flesh in the fire.

Peter Dillon's little band was now reduced to four. Some time elapsed after they had witnessed the horrible fate of their late companions, during which every minute appeared an hour, and hope of escape was fast ebbing away. The Chinaman grew desperate, and exclaimed, "Maski, mi go down." He said the only chance of escape was to induce the principal chief (with whom he had been a great favourite) to order the natives to let them pass. He thought they would not hurt him, so he would go and try what he could do by promising a reward from the captain. Dillon urged the fate of the other two men to prevent his rushing on his own destruction, but all he could say was of no avail; the poor fellow had made up his mind, and, heedless of all warning, ran down the hill. As he reached the foot, he called out the chief's

name. Two stalwart natives came forward, and, one taking hold of each arm, led him along the path. The others now shouted, "Aromai no, Peter!" "Come down now, Peter; we will not hurt you." But Peter was too wide awake to trust to their promises, and shouted, "Kahouri, kahouri!" "No, no!"

A short distance from where the Chinaman was "taken in tow," there was a deep pool of water; and when they came to it, one of the natives stooped down, seized the poor little fellow by the ankles, and tilted him over with his head in the water. The two held him in this position, amusing themselves with his convulsive struggles until life was extinct, when they cast him aside like a dead dog.

Shortly after, whilst Dillon was thinking whether it would not be better to endeavour to fight their way through the mass of natives rather than endure such agonizing suspense any longer, he observed a priest coming up towards them. They levelled their muskets at him; but he threw open his tappa (dress) to show that he was unarmed, shouting at the same time that he would take them past the natives and down to the shore. They therefore allowed him to approach, keeping a vigilant eye on his movements. The priest said that if Peter would send word to the captain to give him a box of tools and cutlery, and release the prisoners, he would go on board to fetch them and

return. He would then take care that his people did not attack them on their way to the boat. Desperate though their position was, Dillon now became inspired with a ray of hope, but did not forget his caution. Tearing a leaf out of a small book he had in his pocket, he wrote a request that the captain would give the priest whatever he asked for, but on no account release the prisoners until he and his two surviving comrades had been rescued. Whether or not this was a deep-laid plot on the part of the priest was never known; but if it were so, he met his match in Peter Dillon, as will be seen presently. They saw him paddle off to the ship, and soon after saw the box lowered into the canoe; then, to their utter dismay, they counted the whole of the prisoners, one after another coming down the ship's side.

They now almost gave themselves up for lost; but Dillon instructed his two followers how to proceed in the event of the priest coming back to them. Having secured his prize, he came directly up the hill, and said he was ready to take them to the water-side. Dillon gave the preconcerted signal, and instantly one of the priest's arms was pinioned in his own iron grasp, whilst the other was seized by the almost equally powerful grip of Martin Buchert; at the same moment, the lad Wilson brought a musket to bear on his back. Dillon assured him that if the

natives attempted to molest them in the least, Wilson would immediately shoot him.

In those days the priests exercised unlimited sway over the minds of their countrymen, who regarded them with superstitious reverence, and were blindly obedient to their commands. In the above-mentioned positions the party proceeded down the hill, and as they drew near the host of savages who were thirsting for their blood, their prisoner called out to his people that if they threw spears the Pakehas would shoot him, and if they did, the sea would rise and swallow up the island. On the contrary, if they let them pass to their boat, their gods would give them great victories over all their enemies. On this the natives, not daring to disobey their priest, separated, and sat on the ground, scowling with disappointed revenge, but leaving a passage through which brave Peter Dillon and his comrades marched, and, unharmed, made the best of their way to the beach, off which one of the ship's cutters, with a well-armed crew, was lying just afloat. Dillon ordered the priest to precede him into the boat; but, under the expectation of being sacrificed to the manes of the slaughtered seamen, he refused to move a step further. This was no time for parley. The boat had been backed in as close as she could be with safety, so Peter, commanding the priest to

stand stock-still under penalty of being shot, ordered Buchert and Wilson to step backwards and get into the boat. As soon as they were safe in, he stepped back himself, still covering the priest with his musket, leaped into the stern-sheets of the boat, and, seizing the tiller, sang out, "Now, lads, pull for your lives!" Well did they respond to the order, while the spare hands held themselves in readiness to fire.

The great body of the natives had been gradually stealing down towards the beach, and when the boat was pulling off and they thought the priest was safe, they made a rush down to the water-side, and began to throw spears and stones at the fugitives. But a few vigorous strokes of the oars had carried them out of the range of such weapons; so, giving the enemy a parting volley of musketry, the rescued trio were quickly rowed off to the ship, where they received the hearty congratulations of all on board at their marvellous escape.

A few Europeans and Lascars, who had been employed on board the *Hunter*, but had not joined the marauding parties, were now shipped in the room of the unfortunate men who had been killed; and as there was no probability of effecting a reconciliation with the Fijians, the order was given to get under weigh forthwith, and the *Hunter* was soon standing out of harbour under all sail. Amongst the

refugees on board was Martin Buchert's native wife, who, at the risk of her life, swam off to the ship. Martin did not ship as a seaman, but begged that he might be put on shore with his wife on the first island the *Hunter* touched at on her passage to China; to which Captain Robson agreed.

Eight days after leaving the Fijis, they sighted the island Tucopia, or Barwell Island. As they sailed into the bay, a number of canoes were observed paddling towards the ship. They were soon alongside, and a friendly intercourse was established with the natives by purchasing their yams and cocoa-nuts. Finding them inclined to be so friendly, Buchert with his wife and one of the Lascars were allowed to land, and the captain gave them a quantity of useful articles. The Prussian being a clever mechanic, there was little doubt but he would soon make himself of importance on the island. They stepped into the chief's canoe, and the crew of the *Hunter* bade them a hearty farewell, hoping they might have a hospitable reception on shore. The good ship *Hunter* then filled her canvas, and proceeded on her voyage to China.

## CHAPTER III.

"He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show."
*Taming of the Shrew.*

I MUST now take another leap over eleven years. During this time Peter Dillon had been cruising about amongst the South Sea Islands, and between Australia, China, and South America. He was now in the command of a fine brig from Calcutta.

My story next turns on those parts of my own career which led to my connection with Captain Dillon, and eventually to the discovery of La Perouse's ships, though, unfortunately, not to that of any survivors.

In February, 1824, having already made a Jamaica voyage, I was apprenticed to Captain Boyd, of the ship *Almorah*, owned by an uncle of mine. She was bound for Sydney, N.S.W., having to touch at the Cove of Cork to embark female prisoners sentenced to transportation. I found myself the senior of the four apprentices, the other three not having yet

served afloat. They were pleasant young fellows, and we pulled well together. Sam was a grandson of one of our most renowned admirals of the olden time. Willie hailed from Berwick—a smart lad, who amused us much by the "bur-r" in his throat; and Johnny came from a midland county, where he had been accustomed to follow the hounds. With us he soon learned to "ride the Flemish horse," and to "hang on by his eyelids." We all lived in good fellowship with the rest of our messmates until the catastrophe occurred which scattered us to the four quarters of the globe.

My father came on board at Gravesend in the captain's party, and bade me farewell, glad to leave me in such good hands, neither of us having any more idea of what was to befall me before we met again than Gilpin had

> ". . . when he set out
> Of running such a rig."

At daybreak on March 2nd a "hooker" from Cork ranged up on the starboard quarter, and a pilot offered his services, which were accepted. There was too much sea on for the hooker to come alongside, but bold Paddy sang out, "I'll git on board, yer honor. Heave us a rope!" This was done. They managed just to keep pace with the ship. The pilot made the rope fast round his body.

"Haùl away, now!" he shouted; and, taking a flying leap as we hauled, he came against the ship's side with a thud which seemed enough to drive all the breath out of his body. At the same moment a sea curled up on the quarter and completely immersed him. We hauled away with all our might, and at last landed him on deck, looking for all the world like a drowned rat. As soon as he had breath enough to speak, he said, "It's moity cowld I am, anyhow. Would yer honor kindly tip us a naggin?"

After tossing off a glass of whisky, he appeared to be all right again, and brought the ship to her moorings, near to the convict hulk off Spike Island, in good style.

Here we lay for several days, the arrangements for embarking the prisoners not being complete. During this time, as the forecastle was required for a hospital, accommodation for the crew was provided aft, a strong bulkhead separating their berths from those of the free women who had a passage out to their convicted husbands given them by the Government, their berths being separated from those of the prisoners beyond them by another strong bulkhead. The main and fore hatchways were secured by strong four-inch pillars from deck to deck, with a door about three feet square on the fore side. The starboard after-cabin was occupied by the third officer, the

carpenter, the boatswain, and us four apprentices; and the port-cabin was turned into a store-room for the cabin-folk.

We lay close enough to the convict hulk to hear a good deal of what passed between her occupants and their visitors. If a wife or sister of a prisoner on board the hulk could obtain an order, she was allowed to go alongside and converse with her relative, who was permitted to stand at the gangway, under the surveillance of the sentry. One morning we were all busily employed in washing decks, when a shrill voice hailing the sentry attracted our attention. On looking towards the hulk, there lay a small shore-boat; a poor woman, with tattered shawl thrown over her scanty garments, which fluttered about in the cold east wind, was standing up in the frail boat, and evidently in great distress. Just at this moment she called out, "Paddy Hart! Arrah, Paddy acuishla!" No answer. Two or three times she cried in mournful tones, "Arrah, Paddy Hart, an' d'ye hear me now?"

At last a gruff voice from the deck of the hulk replied, "Shure an' it's me that hears ye screeching plain enough."

"Thrue for you," replied the poor creature. "Ye hear me, but ye don't regard me! Arrah, Paddy darlint, an' why did ye steal the cow?"

"Bad scram t'ye for that same, and to thim that ses I stole the cow," returned Paddy. "An' shure, whin they tuk me, wasn't it the cow that was running after me, an' isn't it me that was running away from her?"

This produced a roar of laughter amongst our crew, which was cut short by our mate singing out, "Now, lads, get on with the decks," and we heard no more of the conversation of the unfortunate couple.

Two of us boys had leave to take a run up to Cork. After crossing the ferry at Passage, we were surrounded by a host of car-drivers, all clamouring for our patronage. "I'll take the two av ye for half a crown!" shouted one. "Och! don't be afther goin' wid 'im, yer honors; his horse'll niver do it." "It's me'll take ye for a shilling apiece." To this we agreed, and jumped up on the car. The boy gave his Rozinante a taste of the whip, and, with a rattle of the reins, impelled him into a canter, which soon warmed up into a gallop, and away we went helter-skelter over an abominably rough road. It came on to rain hard, and as we dashed through the deep puddles we shipped much water, both above and below. What with the plunging of the car into the holes, which obliged us to hold on with all our might for fear of being summarily pitched over the stern, and what with the funny stories by which Terence, our driver, entertained

us, we novices were kept in constant merriment until we reached the city.

"Does yer honor know," inquired he, "the difference between an outside car and an inside car?"

On our confessing to the most profound ignorance on the subject, and asking him to explain his riddle, "Well, thin," replied he, "an outside car has got the wheels inside, and an inside car has got the wheels outside."

As we paid him his fare, he said, "An' it's back to the Cove ye'll be going, and it's me'll be proud to dhrive ye;" so we arranged to return with him. Then we rambled about for a couple of hours, dropped into a hotel, where we did ample justice to the good dinner placed before us, mounted our car again, and made the best of our way back to the ship, where we arrived in due time, heartily tired, though much gratified with all we had met with during our day's excursion.

A few days afterwards the prisoners were sent down in a steamer, and as they came on board were ranged along the deck. They were in charge of Dr. Travers, who mustered them. Each one, as she answered to her name, received a number, which corresponded with that of her sleeping-berth, her bed, and every article for her use during the voyage, on which the number was indelibly stamped. By this

arrangement there was no confusion, and in the course of an hour every one was comfortably settled in the place she would have to occupy for the next four months. Had they been free, not many of them would have been taken for criminals, though there were a few remarkable exceptions, as will be seen presently. When Bridget Fitzgerald's name was called, it was evident that by some means she had managed to get whisky enough to make her pugnacious. She bawled out, "Here am I, ye ould blackguaird!" and with that she made a rush at the doctor, and would have struck him, but her arm was arrested by Mr. Sleight, our chief officer.

"Put that woman in irons!" calmly ordered Dr. Travers, and went on with his muster-roll. The order was immediately executed, and the woman was sent below. The rest were informed that if they behaved themselves well, they would be kindly treated, but that any such conduct as they had just witnessed would be at once visited with severe punishment.

A nice warm supper had been provided for them, which each received in her appointed place, after which they were locked up for the night. We were informed that many of them had been sentenced to transportation for very trifling offences, and that this was in consequence of the great disproportion of the sexes in Australia at that time. If female

prisoners landed at Sydney with a character for good behaviour on the passage out, they generally were very soon married, and seldom returned to their native land.

At daybreak next morning the women were roused from their slumbers, and ordered to roll up their bedding and bring it on deck. Two seamen on each side received and carefully stowed it in the hammock nettings, and covered it up with waterproof cloths. A certain number of the women were told off to scrub the lower deck, clean out the berths, and arrange everything for the inspection of the surgeon-superintendent of the ship, Dr. Price, at ten o'clock.

Very many of these poor women had come to grief through drink, and it was now found out that others besides Fitzgerald had managed to secrete some. One in particular, Miss Kate O'Leary, when they came on deck was noisy and inclined to be quarrelsome; her tongue was decidedly a most unruly member, and with it she had been making use of very unparliamentary language. Dr. Price commanded her to be silent, but she paid no regard to his orders. As it was absolutely necessary for the well-being of all on board that anything like insubordination should be nipped in the bud, the doctor ordered handcuffs to be placed on her wrists. As she threatened to dash out the brains of the sailor who had to

perform this operation, her hands were tryced up to a spar overhead. This treatment had only the effect of making the unruly member wag all the faster. As all this turmoil interfered with carrying on the duty of the ship, our chief mate determined to put a stop to it. Turning to the doctor, he said, "If you will give me permission, sir, I think I can soon bring her to her bearings."

"I shall be only too happy," replied the doctor, "if you will take that duty off my hands. Do what you like."

Mr. Sleight stepped up to the woman, and said, "Now, once for all, will you hold your tongue directly? I can only say it will be worse for you if you don't."

The only answer he received was a torrent of abuse.

Without more ado he sang out, "You boy Joe, bring a belaying-pin here, and a fathom o' spun-yarn!"

"Ay, ay, sir," said Joe, and soon made his appearance with the articles in question.

"Put the belaying-pin in that woman's mouth," said the mate, "and make it fast with the spun-yarn."

Joe found it impossible to effect his purpose, for she had now clenched her teeth firmly.

"Don't hurt her, Joe," said Mr. Sleight.

Now, Joe was one of those imperturbable boys who seldom laugh or even smile; so there he stood, bolt

in hand, gravely looking the woman in the face, and waiting for an opportunity of obeying his orders. At last Miss O'Leary's rage got the better of her resolution; she opened her mouth to swear at poor Joe, but ere the execration was half uttered, he dexterously whipped the bolt between her teeth, and passed a couple of turns of spun-yarn behind her head and over each end of the bolt.

Poor Kate was now effectually gagged, and hadn't a word to say for herself. The mate, having thus silenced her, "improved the occasion" by showing her the folly of such conduct, when if she behaved properly she would land at Sydney with a good character, and would have every chance of doing well. This, and three minutes of the gag punishment, sufficed to humble her and bring her to reason. Mr. Sleight finished his advice by asking if she would be quiet in case he released her, to which she nodded her head in reply; and Joe was ordered to remove the bolt, though she was still left with her arms tryced up to the boom.

Shortly afterwards the boatswain piped to breakfast. Before going into the cabin, Mr. Sleight called one of the lads, and stationed him by the poor woman.

"Now, mind," said he to the boy, "she is not to have anything to eat."

The women were all sitting about the deck, taking their morning meal. No sooner had the mate turned into the cabin, than the lad felt a gentle pull at his sleeve, and turning round saw a young girl, who looked up in his face beseechingly.

"It's only just a sup o' tay I'd be givin' her, and her poor mouth so dry," said she.

"No, she mustn't have it," said the lad. "You heard the mate say she was not to have anything to eat."

"Ay or na, shure an' it's not to ate, but to dhrink,' she rejoined.

Here another young woman pulled the other sleeve. "It's only jist the least taste in life o' bread and butther," said she.

So beset was the poor boy, that at last he turned his back and said, "Well, bear a hand about it, before the old man comes out;" and though he did not see it, the woman was well fed, and all in good time, for when the mate came on deck again she had finished licking her lips, and her guard was standing in front of her, looking as demure as though he had never taken his eyes off her. Fortunately the mate asked no questions. As Kate kept herself quiet, she was soon released from the handcuffs, and, profiting by the advice she had received, kept her promise throughout the voyage, landed at Sydney with a good character, and was married in a few months.

For some reason unknown to the impatient people on board, the *Almorah* was detained at her moorings for several days after she was ready for sea. This gave opportunity for making all arrangements for the efficient management of the prisoners while in smooth water. Dr. Price was a veteran at this work, and by the time the sailing orders arrived, everything was going like clockwork. Amongst other institutions established was that of daily deck-cleaning and putting their quarters in order. Twelve of the women were employed each day on this duty. As Mrs. Fitzgerald had behaved with due propriety since the first evening, and seemed to have force of character enough to maintain authority, the doctor decided to give her a fair chance of redeeming her character by appointing her superintendent of the general work below; and for the greater part of the voyage she filled the office with great credit to herself. She had but one eye, but that was a piercer; and woe betide the unfortunate culprit on whom its malignant beam was cast when anything was left out of place at the time the surgeon was expected to make his tour of inspection. To him, and others in authority, she was always the very essence of civility.

At last, on the morning of April 6th, we left our moorings, made sail, and by four p.m. had worked fairly outside and discharged our pilot. The women,

who had been kept below whilst the ship was working out of harbour, were now permitted to come on deck and take a last look at "Ould Ireland." The various ways in which they were affected were a strange sight to look upon. They all knew that, though most of their sentences were short, they were never likely to return. Some cried bitterly, "Och! whirra sthru, an' whin will I ever see ye ag'in!" others gazed on the land with a careless laugh. Some danced and sang, many were disinclined to come up, and many more were prostrated by sea-sickness. A quarter of an hour after, all were ordered below; they took a last glimpse of their native land, and were locked up for the night.

For the next two or three days the ship was beating against a strong head wind, and sometimes pitching very heavily. The decks being continually flooded by the spray, which flew fore and aft, none of the women were allowed on deck, except the three cooks. These managed to get through their arduous duty each day at the expense of a thorough soaking; still, they were much better off than the poor frightened creatures locked up below, some of whom continually watched at the bars of the hatchway, and when they saw any of the crew pass by, sent up a doleful cry of, "Eh! sailors, is there any danger?"

With the end of the week came fine weather,

and on Sunday, the 11th, a moderate easterly wind was blowing, the sea comparatively smooth, and the ship bowling along eight or nine knots, with all studding-sails set. "Church was rigged" at ten o'clock, by laying a pillow on the capstan head, covering it with the Union Jack, and placing the Bible and Prayer-book on it. Seats were extemporized all over the quarter-deck, by means of buckets and capstan-bars; the prisoners and crew were summoned, and notwithstanding that the former were Roman Catholics, a large number of them came to the service. When all were seated or standing about under the awning, the captain came out of the cabin, bareheaded. As he commenced reading, all stood up; the seamen doffed their hats, and in few consecrated churches could there have been seen a more reverent and attentive congregation.

The doctor contrived that the work to be done should be distributed so as to occupy as many women as possible. All those who acted as superintendents of departments, the cooks, and others permanently employed, and two women who were allowed to mend the ship's flags, had the privilege of remaining on deck in the afternoon for half an hour after the rest were shut up. They also had an extra allowance of wine, tea, etc. Only one amongst them forfeited this indulgence. In the warm latitudes, the prisoners

spent the whole day under the awnings, which were spread fore and aft. Through thus keeping them so much in the pure sea-air, and well employed, we had very little sickness on board, although the old ship made a very long passage.

One of the flag-menders was named Judy Crowley, a regular "ould Irish" crone. She was about sixty years of age, an inveterate smoker when she could get the wherewithal. She possessed a "dudeen," which had been her inseparable companion for the last seven years; from incessant use it had become as black as ebony. "I'd not change it," said she, "for a dozen o' the best pipes in the ship." When they folded up their work for the evening, and "put it past," as Willie used to say, Judy would go down and përch herself on the end of the booms, with her knees almost up to her chin, apparently ruminating on the uncertainty of all sublunary affairs; in other words, whether any one would give her "a little bit o' baccy" with which to fill her dudeen. One or two of the young women would soon come to her, and while one inquired how she was getting on, the other would say, "Och! Judy cuishla, an' wud ye kindly sing to uz? It's dancin' we'd like to be."

With look and voice of strong negative determination, Judy would reply, "Jist pass the care o' me. I owe you no discoors, at all, at all."

"Auch," said another, who knew the way to Judy's heart, "she can't sing widout we get her some baccy;" and away she would go to one of the sailors, and ask for "a pipe o' baccy, jist to make ould Judy sing."

Now, Jack liked nothing better than to see the girls dance, and would willingly have joined, but that was entirely against regulations. Seldom was the request refused. The little bit of fragrant weed was handed to the old woman, who, with a "Thank ye kindly, may the Lord bless ye," would go forward and smoke till the pipe was empty, and again consigned to her pocket.

Meanwhile, a number of the girls had mustered round her roosting-place, and, by the time she came aft again, were all ready for a "side out." Judy would now take up her former position, the fumes of the tobacco having put her in good humour. A couple of sets for a foursome jig would take their places. At a given signal from the singer, off they would start, right and left, arms akimbo, etc. Set after set would go through the figure dozens of times, whilst Judy sang away until she had tired them all out. 'Tis sixty-one years ago, but I have the merry old creature in my mind's eye as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, as she sat wagging her head from side to side, like a dog-vane in a calm, keeping time

to the monotonous tune, which came forth quicker and faster as she became excited with the dance, which, to correspond with her singing, "waxed fast and furious," until it came to a sudden collapse on the signal being given for all to go below.

Having run through the north-east trade-winds, which we found very light, we had the squalls and thunderstorms usually met with about the equator, which frightened our live freight exceedingly. In this sort of weather they were all kept below, and the old doleful cry continually assailed any passer-by, "Is there any danger? Och cuishla! tell us, af ye plaze."

For several days past, our crew had been mysteriously occupied, in their watch below, in making preparations for the ceremonies which in those days generally accompanied "crossing the Line." Each actor in the comedy (?) had prepared a dress for himself suited to the part he had undertaken to perform; none of the uninitiated, however, were permitted to see what was going on—only to wonder. The suspense was by no means agreeable, for what information did leak out portended anything but fun to those who were about to cross the Line for the first time, and who were to be the victims of the expected rough treatment.

About seven p.m., the second mate, who had the

watch, while quietly pacing the deck, was startled from his reverie by a stentorian hail, apparently from a vessel, "Ship aho-y!"

"Hullo!" replied the officer.

"What ship's that?" again resounded along the deck.

"The *Almorah.*"

"Have you any children wanting to be baptized?"

"Oh yes, several."

"Then I'll come on board in the morning and perform the ceremony. Good night."

"Good night," replied the mate.

These questions are supposed to be asked by Neptune, who now professes to take his departure for the night.

"There he goes!" "There he goes!" exclaim several voices, as the half of a tar-barrel, filled with flaming oakum and other inflammable stuff, drifts away astern, having been lowered from the spritsail yard-arm so as to float clear of the ship. Until it was two or three miles astern, the brilliant car was visible, or not, as it rose or fell on the undulating waves. By that time it had burnt to the water's edge; the blaze was suddenly extinguished, and Neptune was reported "out of sight."

Just as the watch had finished washing decks on the following morning, the loud hail of Neptune again

rang through the ship. "Ship aho-y! Heave to, will ye, while I come on board!"

"Ay, ay," replied the captain, who was paddling about the deck in his shirt and pyjammahs and naked feet, after enjoying the luxury of half a dozen buckets of water poured over him by way of a shower-bath. A pretence was then made of backing the mainyard, and immediately after, the biggest and ugliest of the seamen—a Swede, Alexander Oldenburg by name—personating Neptune, was dragged along the deck on a gun-carriage till he stopped opposite the cabin door. His car was covered with wet swabs * to represent sea-weed. He wore an immense oakum wig, beard, and whiskers, which nearly concealed his face. His trousers were tucked up, and wet swabs hung from his waist. From thence upward he was devoid of clothing, but sundry nautical devices were drawn with charcoal on his naked body and arms. In his right hand he held, uplifted, a three-pronged fish-spear, to represent a trident. His attendants were dressed as Tritons, mermen, and mermaids, whilst the barber appeared in a dress defying all description, bearing the implements of his profession, which he brandished occasionally, as if about to cut off some one's head.

* "Swab," three feet long, made of rope-yarns, used for drying decks.

Altogether, they formed a group of unearthly-looking creatures, such as once beheld could never be forgotten.

Neptune saluted the captain, whom he said he had often had the pleasure of meeting before, and pleaded, as an excuse for asking to drink his health, the heavy wet he had endured on the journey. The steward was summoned, and ordered to treat Neptune and his staff to the liquor that they loved; and it was observed that the mermaids were quite as willing as the rest to toss off a glass. Neptune then said he thought it was time to pipe to breakfast, after which he would proceed to business. They all then retired to the forecastle.

At nine o'clock, the procession was again formed. Neptune mounted his car, and was dragged along in state to the gangway by his attendant myrmidons. In arrogant tones, he commanded them to fill the large wash-deck tub with water, and to stop all the scupper-holes. The tub was accordingly placed in front of the state-car, and filled from the head pump. The barber was ordered to take his position with his tools. These consisted of a piece of iron hoop about two feet long, one of the edges being jagged; a bucket of lather, composed of a mixture of tar, slush, and all the abominations which had been washed from under the hencoops, etc.; a tar-brush to lay it

on, and a narrow piece of board, placed across the water-tub. The remainder of the attendants were stationed around, each with a bucket of water ready for use. The scuppers being closed, the deck soon became flooded with water.

During the time that was occupied in making these preparations, those who had never crossed the Line were kept below, meditating on the character of the ordeal they would have to go through. The women were, of course, kept below during the operation, only Peggy Boyle the cook and her two mates being permitted to come on deck. The preliminaries settled, two of the Tritons were ordered to summon the hapless wight whose name was first on the list of "Newcomes." They lifted the grating from the after-hatch, and with the voice of a Boanerges roared out the name. The moment the poor lad's head appeared above the level of the deck, a handkerchief was whipped over his eyes and firmly tied behind, so as effectually to blindfold him; at the same moment his arms were made fast, and in this manner he was escorted to the presence of Neptune, who forthwith began to ask questions of him, and the moment he opened his mouth to reply, the barber, who watched for the opportunity, dabbed in a brushful of the filthy mixture. He was then ordered to be seated, and was placed on the narrow board. The

barber was instructed to do his duty, which he did by smearing the face, head, and neck of the unlucky varlet; after which, according as he was a favourite or the contrary, he was scraped with the smooth or the jagged edge of the awful razor. The operation was completed by Neptune's shouting "Dip!" when the board was suddenly removed, and souse over head and ears went the poor lad into the tub. At the same time the handkerchief was flicked off, his arms were released, and the Tritons poured buckets of water over him till, by a desperate struggle, he at last made his escape from his tormentors. Half-frantic with pain, disgust, and rage, he seized a bucket, filled it over and over again, letting fly at any one within his reach, until his wrath was somewhat cooled, and exhausted nature fairly gave in. In the mean time, another hapless Newcome had been undergoing similar indignities; and so the game went on, till all the "green hands" had been shaved, when the ceremony was concluded by a sharp and indiscriminate pelting of each other with water till all were heartily tired; then Neptune and his crew had a parting glass, and after drinking a prosperous voyage to the *Almorah*, her crew and passengers, the car was trailed away forward, to the infinite delight of those who had suffered such cruel and disgusting treatment from Neptune's visit. I did not get my

head thoroughly clean for many days after the infliction.

When all was over, the women were allowed on deck, and the miserable appearance of those who had been victimized excited much laughter amongst them. Some there were, however, who kindly offered their services to try and rid us of the detestable stuff which matted our hair; but it was long before we were healed of the wounds given by that horrid razor. In all well-regulated ships these odious freaks have long been prohibited.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Yet wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis somewhat like that feat in the ring
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a 'Grand Equestrian Troop'
Makes a jump at a golden hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it!"

HOOD.

ON May 31st, we were verging on the southern extreme of the south-east trade-wind; the weather had been very beautiful for many days past. On this evening the crew had put away their work, and the watch below were getting their supper, preparatory to relieving those on deck. A steady breeze filled the canvas; there was so little swell and so little motion in the vessel, that even a landsman could pace the deck without difficulty. All about the deck, groups of young and middle-aged women were conversing upon the past scenes of their lives, or speculating on their future destiny. Here and there was

an old crone perched upon the booms, with her dudeen charged with "a little bit o' baccy," or a castaway cigar-stump, drawing away till her cheeks seemed to be almost touching inside. Old Judy Crowley occupied her accustomed roost, humming the same "ould Irish" jig, whilst a set of young lasses were tripping it on the—I was about to write "light fantastic toe," but the thick shoes with which the Government supplied them made their toe-and-heel and double-shuffle resound more like the steps of heavy dragoons; others were chaffing one another, and the sprightly repartee was being bandied to and fro, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders, when suddenly there was a hush; a mysterious whisper passed round the deck, and in a moment quenched every spark of fun and gaiety. The women hurried forward; then arose a loud, mournful wail. The angel of death had suddenly come amongst us, and "the arrow that flieth by day" had stricken down one of the youngest and best behaved of the women on board. She had been conversing with some of her messmates, when suddenly, without any apparent cause, she fell speechless on the deck. She was carried down to the hospital, but never spoke again; two or three hours after, her spirit winged its flight, let us hope, to the better world.

She was very young, scarcely twenty. Some base

villain, who professed love for her, had persuaded her to steal silver spoons from her mistress; the theft and thief were discovered, and the poor girl was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Her conduct on board had been modest, unassuming, and blameless. Those who were intimate with her said that she never held her head up after discovering the treachery of her lover, and that she died of a broken heart.

After the women were locked below, they begged for an extra light to be hung in the main hatchway. The doctor granted this, thinking they were afraid. Their request, however, was prompted not by superstitious fear, but by their wish to read prayers, for which purpose forty or fifty assembled at the bars of the hatchway, and devoutly read and joined in responses throughout the night until the dawn of day, many weeping piteously, for poor Rose was much beloved.

As soon as it was light, the sailmaker sewed up the corpse in a hammock, attaching two nine-pound shot in a bag to the foot of it. At noon, a grating was laid on the gangway-rail and an up-ended cask on deck, the inner end, with the Union Jack secured to it, having a slack rope fast to the gangway-rail. The corpse was brought out, laid on the grating, and covered with the flag. A great number of the women

assembled around. The captain, surgeon-superintendent, officer of the watch, and some of the crew came forward with solemn demeanour. All took off their caps as Dr. Price commenced reading the beautiful service, "At the Burial of the Dead." When he reached the words "Earth to earth," etc., the words "We commit her body to the deep" were substituted. At that moment, the inner end of the grating was tilted, and the corpse, with all the apparatus, launched overboard. All but the hammock being secured by the rope, towed alongside with a rushing noise until the funeral service was finished, when it was hauled on board again. The weight at the feet of the corpse carried it down feet foremost. I have watched one, on a calm, clear day, sinking down, down, gradually disappearing, until it was apparently no larger than a glittering sixpence, and the next moment it vanished for ever.

The poor women set up a long, melancholy cry; then, bidding a sad farewell to poor Rose, slowly retired to their quarters. The death of a little boy belonging to one of the free settlers, who had been drooping and fading ever since he came on board, took place a few days afterwards. His little body was committed to the deep with the usual ceremonies. These were the only two deaths which occurred during our long passage to Sydney.

One afternoon, as the ship was bowling along about nine knots, with the wind on the quarter, I was sent out to loose the jib. The vessel was rolling at times, and just as I had cast off the last gasket, she took a heavy lurch to windward; the sail flapped over to the weather side, tore away my grasp of the boom, and hurled me down backwards. Ah! who but those who have actually felt themselves in perfect health thus suddenly transported to the very verge of eternity, can imagine the feelings of such a moment? I could not have been more than two or three seconds falling, yet it seemed as if the whole record of my life was concentrated into this short space of time, and its events passed in review before me, together with a vision of home, of the intense grief of my mother when she heard the sad news of her boy having been drowned, and many other things, darting through my mind with lightning speed. I heard the women who were forward shriek out, "Och, sure an' Mr. Bayly's gone!" Had I fallen into the water, such would inevitably have been the case, for the ship would have been over me in an instant; but God in His infinite mercy had otherwise decreed. There was just one rope (the jibboom martingale) between me and the water, and I fell with my back across it. I do not seem to have lost my presence of mind, for I grasped it with both hands; the spring of the

rope threw me head over heels, and there I held on, dangling, with nothing between me and the foaming waves below. I clung to the rope with the tenacity of desperation, whipped my feet up on it, and slid down to the foot of the dolphin-striker, where I held on for a few seconds, in wonder and thankfulness at this marvellous escape from sudden death. In another minute I was in on the forecastle, safe and unhurt, with all hands congratulating me. The great mercy of God to me on that occasion can never be effaced from my memory while life or breath remains.

One Sunday night, the *Almorah* was careering along with a pleasant breeze, so perfectly steady that the sails were asleep, and the only sound heard was that of the waves as they were dashed asunder by the ship's bows. About an hour after the women had been locked below, they had to be called to order two or three times, for making a great noise and not going to bed. Suddenly the voice of Mrs. Fitzgerald was heard shouting out, "Be me sowl, I'll have the life av ye." Then came an awful yell, and some of the women shrieked out, "Murther! murther!" In an instant, a wild panic seized the poor creatures, who had no more light than one purser's dip in a lantern in each hatchway. Those who were in bed leaped out and rushed to the bars of their prison, where they uttered frantic cries of, "Och, docthor, docthor, come

quick, or we'll all be murthered!" Some cursed, some called on the saints, and several fainted outright.

"What's the row?" said one of the boys, jumping down into the square of the main hatchway.

"Och, whirra sthru, 'tis Biddy Fitzgerald is drunk, an' is murthering us all wid a glass bottle."

"You'll have the doctor here directly, and he'll soon settle you," said the boy, coolly.

At the first alarm, the doctor seized the keys of the prison and hurried down the main hatchway, followed by Joe, his assistant, with handcuffs and leg-irons. Mr. Sleight had also followed. Quick as thought, the doctor flung open the door, and he and the mate crept in, lantern in hand, leaving the assistant in charge of the door, which was only about three feet six inches square. They came upon a scene of wild confusion. On one side stood the termagant, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, her uplifted hand grasping the neck of a broken bottle, whilst half a dozen strong women had seized her by the body and limbs, and were holding her tight to prevent her carrying her threats into execution. Others cowered down in terror, while the great mass of them cried to the doctor to take her away. The clamour was tremendous, till Mr. Sleight roared out in a voice of thunder, "Silence!" and the doctor threatened to punish every one of them if they were not quiet.

"For shame, for shame!" sang out the old mate, "Get away to your beds, all of you!"

A sudden silence ensued, and they slunk away and obeyed. As for Mistress Bridget Fitzgerald, the moment she saw Dr. Price and Mr. Sleight, the consequences of her conduct flashed across her mind—her character was gone, and if the events of this night were reported, she would most likely get into further trouble. She was completely cowed. They took the broken bottle from her. Joe was called in, with the irons. The poor delinquent was made to sit on the deck, with her arms and legs round one of the 'tween deck staunchions, to which she was manacled so that she could not move from the spot; there she was condemned to remain for three days, to be fed on biscuit and water, and to be dismissed from the superintendence. Those who had been hurt in the fray were taken to the hospital to have their wounds dressed, and quiet was restored, except in the mind of the poor victim of drink, who in all probability had darkened the whole of her future life.

"Och, docthor," said she, weeping bitterly, "punish me as ye like, but don't tell on me."

Next morning, a strict inquiry was made as to how Fitzgerald managed to obtain so much drink. It was found out that many of the women, in order to curry favour with her, had agreed that when they

received their allowance of wine, each would leave a little in her tin measure, though professing to drink the whole, according to regulation. All these "wee drappies" were started into a pannikin and given to "the misthress." On this occasion, more women than usual had managed to evade the regulation, and thus poor Bridget Fitzgerald obtained the means of getting tipsy, with a result so disastrous to herself and so fraught with danger to all around her. Henceforward every one had to turn her "tot" upside down, in the officer's presence, after drinking her allowance.

Of all the temptations which the devil has brought to bear upon poor fallen humanity, not one is more insidious or more deadly in its consequences than the temptation to drink. Many of the poor creatures on board had committed the crime for which they were transported whilst under its baneful influence, yet were they ready to risk still deeper degradation for the sake of indulging their insatiable craving for it. As for Bridget Fitzgerald, she was never reinstated, and was landed at Sydney with the character of a drunkard. This, however, did not prevent her from finding a husband (poor man!) before she had been three months in Australia.

At length, after a passage of upwards of four months, we arrived at Port Jackson. The factory at

Paramatta not being quite ready for the reception of the prisoners, orders were sent for the *Almorah* to be moored in the stream; our anchors were therefore dropped in the neighbourhood of Pinchgut Island, so named, it was said, from a convict having made his escape and swum off to it, and, finding nothing to eat, died the miserable death of starvation.

Here we lay for several days, the women remaining on board. Four sentries from the shore were stationed, one at each gangway, one on the poop, and one on the forecastle; they were relieved every six hours. No person was allowed to come alongside without an order. There was, however, no disposition on the part of the prisoners to attempt an escape; they appeared to be only too glad of the few days' longer respite from enforced servitude.

One day, a young man came off in a shore-boat, and, producing an order, was permitted to come up the side. He went aft and made his "salaam" to Mr. Sleight, who demanded what was his business. In a very confidential tone he replied, "Why, sir, to tell you the truth, I've come to look for a wife."

A broad smile passed over the jolly old rubicund face of our worthy first, and, after a little further conversation, he said to the visitor (the women being all on deck), "Well, you'd better take a look round and see which you like best."

"Thankee, sir, I will," said the dapper little man.

Whilst this parley had been going on, the object of the young man's visit had spread like wildfire round the decks, so that as soon as he made his appearance amongst the women, he was received with such a volley of sarcastic banter that he had much ado to make any headway at all. Almost the first he encountered was old Judy Crowley, as she sat crouched up on the end of the booms, smoking her black dudeen. Taking the pipe from her mouth, and looking at him with a satirical grin, she said, "Och, musha thrue, me darlint, an' it's me ye'r lookin' on! Shure an' it's me 'ud be moity proud;" and she replaced the dudeen between her teeth, giving a contemptuous puff as the young man passed on, regarding her with supreme disgust.

"Ay or na shure, jist pass the care o' me. I owe ye no discoors, at all, at all," said a young girl, to whom he seemed inclined to make up. He had a good-humoured reply for all their jokes, and thus threaded his way up one side of the deck and down the other. There was a dark-eyed young damsel who, whenever they were discussing the subject of marriage on the passage out, used always to say, "Och, an' it's me'll have none but a robber." This smart-looking lass seemed to have produced the desired impression on the young fellow, for he went

up to her, and, without further ceremony, popped the question, "Would you like to be married?"

"Is it me?" replied the girl. "Well, I shou'dn't care; but I'm in no hurry."

The young man said, "It isn't for myself, as I'm a married man; but a young friend of mine asked me to come on board, and take a look round for him."

This provoked a burst of uproarious mirth from those who had crowded round to hear what was going on. They began to chaff him again; but he stood his ground, and parried their thrusts till something like quiet was restored, when he said to the girl, "I'm sure he'd fall in love with you in a moment."

"Och, whirra!" the girl exclaimed. "But what sort of a boy is he, now?"

"Och," said the man, mimicking her brogue, "he's a raal broth of a boy." He then described his friend and his belongings to her.

The girl consulted with one of her intimates, and after a little talk, she turned to the Benedict and said, "Well, it's me'll tak' him at a vinture."

The young fellow noted down her name, age, appearance, etc., in his pocket-book, shook hands, bade her good-bye for the present, and assured her that his friend would be a good husband to her. He then walked aft, thanked Mr. Sleight, who congratulated him on having succeeded so well in his

friend's behalf, jumped into his boat under a cross fire of jokes from the women, was rowed away, and we saw him no more. We heard afterwards that when the women went up to the factory at Paramatta, the friend proceeded there, and, announcing his intentions, inquired for the girl. Matters were soon made up between them, as they were mutually pleased with each other, and they were forthwith joined together in the holy bands of matrimony by the chaplain. The wife was assigned to the husband as a servant, and so long as she did not commit any breach of the peace or of the law, would enjoy all the privileges of a free woman. If, on the other hand, she did not behave with decorum and propriety, and was guilty of any misdemeanour, her husband might send her back to the factory until she was penitent and resolved to reform.

Our kind old chief mate had promised us boys a holiday, to be spent in exploring the shores of the Paramatta river. We were to take provender with us, and have a picnic in some pleasant little nook. The old gentleman said we should see something marvellous, but would not tell us what it was. He told us to put a couple of buckets and two or three deck-scrapers into the boat; and after breakfast we dressed in holiday attire, and started for the river. We had the captain's smart four-oared gig; ay, and we con-

sidered ourselves a match for any gig's crew in the harbour.

After rowing leisurely about three miles, we hauled round into a beautiful bay on the north shore. The water was as smooth as a millpond, and so clear that we could distinctly see the bottom, whilst the noise of the oars in the rowlocks, and their splash in the water, resounded amongst the lofty trees overhead. Presently after, the boat's keel grated on the shore. The secret as to why the buckets and scrapers had been brought had already transpired, and our expectations had been fully realized. I remembered having read an amusing story of one Captain O'Shaughnessy, who became involved in a duel with another member of his club through making a positive and persistent assertion that at some place abroad, where his regiment had been stationed, he had seen "the finest anchovies he ever saw in his life" growing on the trees. Little did I think, at that time, I should ever witness anything akin to that recorded by the pugnacious captain (though he had to confess with shame, after wounding his opponent, that he meant capers all the while), but to our great surprise, here was the actual fact staring us in the face; only what we saw were shell-fish—myriads of oysters growing on the trees. The shores being wooded down to the water's edge, the great roots extending down between

low and high water-mark were covered with oysters. So we landed, and, each taking a piece of bread and butter in one hand and a three-cornered scraper in the other, made a descent upon the roots, opened as many as we pleased with the sharp point of the scraper, and regaled ourselves with these delicious little dainties. We next knocked off a couple of bucketfuls for the crew, and paddled away farther up the river, enjoying the exquisite scenery and the perfect repose of everything around. We pulled ashore in another pretty little nook, where we enjoyed our picnic, had a ramble a short distance into the bush, and, when the time for return came, made the best of our way back to the ship, where the crew feasted on the oysters we brought them.

## CHAPTER V.

"I be one of they sailors who think 'tis no lie
That for every wherefore of life there's a why;
That be fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our berths, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all."

DIBDIN.

THERE had been a long drought in New South Wales. So little rain had fallen during the last two or three years that the crops had almost entirely failed, and it had become necessary to import food for the colony. The *Almorah* was chartered by the Government to bring a cargo of rice and other provender from Batavia. The deputy-commissary was appointed to go with us and purchase it.

The *Almorah* sailed from Port Jackson, September 10th, 1824. Captain Boyd chose the passage through Torres Strait, a track which in those days was very little frequented. The numerous coral reefs, sand-banks, etc., had not been thoroughly surveyed, and it was considered hazardous for a single ship to undertake it. A stiff gale from the eastward was blowing

as we approached the passage through the Barrier Reefs, off Murray Island. As the old ship dashed into the narrow opening, the scene was awfully sublime. It is only one hundred and sixty fathoms wide, the sea on either hand breaking over the coral reefs with a terrific roar, and so near that it seemed as if about to break on board. In a few minutes we shot into perfectly smooth water, and narrowly escaped running on a coral patch by hauling to the southward; then anchored for the night. In the next few days we had several narrow escapes from wreck, as we threaded our way amongst the shoals, but happily succeeded in avoiding them all. It was tedious and anxious work, and from light winds and calms afterwards we did not enter the Strait of Sunda till November 7th.

One night, when off Crockatoa Island, during my watch below, the ship heeled over almost on her beam ends; she had been caught in a sudden squall. We were pitched out of our hammocks, and heard an awful shindy on deck; the halliards and sheets had been let fly, and the sails were thundering about, enough to split themselves to pieces, until the yards were down and braced in. The boatswain piped, "All hands shorten sail!" With the sudden lurch, our clothes had gone to leeward somewhere, and, it being pitch dark, we could not lay hands on them.

"You boys," roared out the boatswain, "I'll freshen your way if I come down!"

Abandoning the breeks, up we rushed in our shirts. "Up with you!" shouted old Chucks; "take two reefs in the mizen-topsail, and be smart about it."

Away aloft we shinned, just as a sharp hailstorm came pattering down. As we laid out on the yard and our shirts fluttered in the gale, we received a pretty severe punishment. There was no need for the boatswain to lay it on; Nature herself had taken us in hand, and from her merciless peppering there was no escape. We finished the work as smartly as possible under the circumstances, and were not at all sorry to get down and shelter ourselves under the lee of the bulwarks until the watch was sent below.

Next evening, the *Almorah* came safely to anchor off Middleburg Island, about fifteen miles from Batavia. At three o'clock the following morning, we boys were turned out to take Mr. Clements on shore. After fortifying ourselves with a cup of strong coffee, we started for our long pull.

"Now, lads," said the stroke-oar, "it's no use straining ourselves at first. With a long, steady stroke, we shall not get done up. It's pretty cool just now, but we'll have it hot enough before we get to the canal."

So, dipping our oars in the water, we took the

cockswain's advice and went to work. The awning was spread when the sun rose, but it was very hot work, and after bending our backs to it for full four hours, we rejoiced exceedingly when we at last reached the pierhead. Three of us then scrambled up with a light tow-line, leaving one in the boat to steer. The labour of tracking was much lighter than that of rowing, but it was quite calm and intensely hot. Custom-house officers searched the boat at the "Toll Huis," and we proceeded up opposite the market-place, where the commissary landed, and, giving us some money to get breakfast, started off in a pretty chariot drawn by two beautiful little ponies. Sharp set as we were after our morning's work, two of us walked to the market-place, which appeared to be the only place where eatables could be procured. Hundreds of Javanese were taking their morning meal, or idly rambling about; they seemed greatly amused at the sight of two English lads sitting amongst them, and, entirely by signs, making their wants known and getting them supplied. Our first efforts to make ourselves understood were truly laughable. I tried broken English, then the negroes' patois; but, of course, neither would do, and as language failed us, we adopted signs, —had a first-rate breakfast, consisting of fried fish, curried fowl, rice, chepatties, and coffee, the delicious mangostine and other fruits, all *ad libitum*, and all

for sevenpence-halfpenny. The crowd around seemed, by various tokens of approval, to think we had done ample justice to the market spread. Our hungry messmates were anxiously looking out for us to relieve them, and in their turn found plenty and to spare. We then pulled off to the *Chapman*, which left Sydney three days before the *Almorah* and had arrived eight days before, having made the passage round south of Tasmania, thus beating us by five days, and avoiding all risks of disaster through coral reefs and sandbanks, hostile savages, etc.

A brother of the captain's kindly invited the apprentices to spend a day at his bungalow, situate a few miles from Batavia. On landing, we found two carriages waiting for us. Jumping in, we were driven along the road by the side of the canal, which is skirted by handsome villas in the Dutch style, and reached our friend's house by breakfast-time. I think we rather astonished him by the vigorous attack we made on the good cheer provided. Poor man! he hadn't anything like such an appetite as we had. After chatting awhile, we rambled about over the shady part of the grounds, Mr. Boyd kindly telling us the names and properties of the various trees, flowers, and fruit, most of which were entirely new to us. After tiffin, we retired to take the usual siesta, and in the cool of the evening drove to the Grand Parade, where all the

beauty and fashion of Batavia were assembled to hear the band play.

Whilst sitting at dinner, our ears were suddenly assailed by a yell and a thundering batter of tom-toms, which started us all to our feet. Looking towards our host for an explanation, he said the salute proceeded from a party of dancers, whom he had hired for our entertainment; and as soon as we had finished our meal, away we rushed to see the fun. In a large shed at the back of the bungalow, we found three men, with each a tom-tom, and an old fellow who appeared to be the leader played upon three. Another had a sort of violin with two strings, and another a nondescript instrument of doleful sound. Six men and six women danced to the music (?), and every now and then all hands gave a tremendous howl in concert. As we approached, the old man, with much ceremony, placed chairs for us. The play then commenced. What it represented would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to determine, but their steps reminded me of those of a turkey-cock when enraged by some one whistling. At the end of the act, the old leader complained that he and the rest of the performers were very thirsty; this appeared to have been anticipated, for a tub of mixed gin-and-water was immediately brought in, and each of them took a good draught. This produced a lively effect, and the dancing became a little more ani-

mated, though still very monotonous. As night drew on, however, the intervals in the performance became more frequent, and on each occasion, having grog *ad lib.*, they indulged in a fresh libation. Stimulated thereby to extraordinary exertion, the musicians gave full scope to the power of their instruments and voices; the old man especially banged away on the tom-toms, as if trying to stave in their heads. He far exceeded all the rest in the awful howls he uttered. He rolled his head and eyes about, making the most hideous grimaces, threw himself into contortions which seemed to strain every muscle to the utmost, whilst the perspiration streamed out of every pore of his almost naked body. To us it was, indeed, a novel scene. The air in the verandah was deliciously cool, and there we sat or walked till towards midnight, when, I suppose by way of a climax, the "diverting vagabonds" clapped on fresh steam; the doleful instrument emitted fearful groans, the fiddle unearthly shrieks, the dancers twisted themselves into all manner of attitudes, whilst the simultaneous howls became more and more Satanic. After one tremendous rally, the play suddenly collapsed, through the sheer exhaustion of the performers. They made their salaam, received their guerdon, and took their departure, leaving us to get our supper in peace.

Oh, what a luxury to sleep surrounded by mus-

quito curtains, through which nocturnal tormentors could not penetrate! We enjoyed undisturbed rest till it was time to turn out. After breakfast, our leave of absence having expired, we bade farewell to our hospitable entertainer. Carriages conveyed us back to the landing-place, where we found our boat awaiting us (now manned by Javanese). We went on board, stripped off our shore toggery, donned our working clothes, and dived into the hold to help stow away the cargo. Variety is not always charming, but those who have to make their own way in the world must take the rough with the smooth, thankful if their previous education has been such as to qualify them for success in any position they may be called upon to fill, and to impress on their minds that all useful labour is honourable, and that there is nothing derogatory in the performance of it.

"I'd rather be on shore," said Willie, as he was lugging along a heavy bag of rice.

"We must take it as it comes," replied his more philosophic companion; "so hand here the bag, and let's block off this tier. Never mind, old fellow! if we stick to our duty you and I will be captains some day;" and, sure enough, each had the command of a fine ship within ten years from that time.

We set sail on our return to Sydney on December 8th, and after a very stormy passage, during which

a heavy sea stove in our bulwarks fore and aft, and the ship sprang a leak which compelled us to pump her out every hour, we at last arrived at Sydney, February 17th, 1825. Next morning, all hands were busily employed unbending sails and making preparations for repairing the damage received during the late gales, when, to our great surprise, a launch from H.M.S. *Slaney* pulled alongside. She was full of armed blue-jackets and marines. We thought they had come to press our sailors, but we were not long left in doubt. The lieutenant sprang over the gangway, followed by a number of seamen and marines, but of course encountered no opposition. He at once walked aft, and told Mr. Sleight (the captain being on shore) that he had come to take possession of the ship.

"What has gone wrong?" inquired the mate.

"You've smuggled a lot of tea into this port. You cannot legally trade in tea to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope."

"But we are not trading at all," argued our worthy first; "the cargo belongs to Government, and was purchased by a Government officer."

"I don't care who it belongs to," said the lieutenant; "my orders are to seize the ship, so you will please call your hands down from aloft, and I will set mine to work."

"Well," said Mr. Sleight, "it seems that might makes right, and all I can do, until the captain comes on board, is to protest against the seizure."

"'Tis of no use," replied the officer; "so, unless your men are inclined to enter for H.M.S. *Slaney*, they had better come down, for they are at liberty to go where they please."

So Mr. Sleight called the crew down, and told them that if what the man-of-war officer said was true, we should be obliged to part. "Will any of you volunteer to serve on board H.M.S. *Slaney?*"

An emphatic and indignant "No" was the response from all hands. They cursed the arbitrary power that was depriving them of the home in which they had spent the last twelvemonth in pleasant association; for no crew could have lived on better terms with each other, or pulled better together, than the poor fellows thus unceremoniously turned adrift for no fault of their own or of any one belonging to the ship. Presently after, Captain Boyd came on board, and confirmed the evil news, though the Government protested that the seizure was illegal—and so it eventually proved. An hour or two after, all hands left, expressing their regret at being obliged to part from a captain and officers for whom they had the greatest respect, and a ship where they had been so happy. The apprentices were allowed to remain on board,

being found useful in telling the prize-crew where to find things. After much litigation and dire threatenings on both sides, during which we were informed that the captain of H.M.S. *Slaney* had been arrested, and that twenty merchants had offered to become bail for him, each in a thousand pounds (they being opposed to the importation of food by the Government), the *Almorah* was placed in charge of Lieutenant M——, under orders to proceed with her to Calcutta, that the case might be tried in the law courts at that port.

The use of the ship's boat having been refused to Captain Boyd, he employed a waterman, and two of us had been ashore with him during the day. We were returning on board in the evening, and, when within about fifty yards of the ship, were startled by the report of a musket and the whizz of a ball as it struck the water about twenty yards ahead of the boat, and this without any previous hailing. Surprised at such a reception, we lay on our oars for a minute, when, not being hailed, and thinking it to be a mistake, we began rowing again. Immediately another ball whizzed within three feet of the boat's stem ; so, finding they were in earnest, we hove to, until hailed to come on board. No apology was tendered to the captain for firing on him when approaching his own ship, and we heard that, about an hour before, they had

fired upon the *Attorney-General* in the same way. It was made out to be a favour to allow the captain, with his steward and servant, to have a passage in the ship; but the fact was that their evidence was required at the trial, as well as that of the supercargo and second mate, who proceeded to Calcutta in the *Asia*, sailing at the same time.

Whilst the law proceedings were going on at Sydney, the necessary repairs to the ship were effected, and, when ready for sea, the anchors were hove up one morning at daybreak. It being quite calm, H.M.S. *Slaney's* boats, and about twenty more from the ships and the shore, towed the *Almorah* down outside the Heads (there was no steam power available in Australia in those days). We boys were permitted to remain on board till the ship had passed out between the Heads, when our kind captain called us to his cabin, and said how grieved he was to be compelled to leave us in Sydney, as Lieutenant M—— positively refused to allow us to go in the ship. With much good advice as to our conduct, and consigning us to the care of our good friends the late supercargo and the chief mate, he took leave of us; and with sad forebodings as to what was to become of us, we hastened into the boat awaiting us alongside, and in a few minutes took a last sorrowful look at our dear old *Almorah*.

In due time the *Almorah* arrived at Calcutta (taking her cargo there was like carrying coals to Newcastle). The case was tried, and a verdict given that the ship and cargo were a lawful prize to H.M.S. *Slaney*. One of the leading merchants in the city of palaces was a son of the owner. He appealed against the decision, and on his giving security for the full value of the ship, she was released to him, and the case was referred to the law courts in England. Here the sentence was reversed; the ship was given up to the owner, and five thousand pounds was awarded him from the Treasury as compensation for loss and illegal seizure.

But what compensation had we poor lads, thus ruthlessly cast adrift at the antipodes? None whatever. When we reached Sydney Cove again, we found Mr. Sleight on board the *Ardent*, a dismasted ship, the captain of which, pitying our forlorn condition, had kindly offered him and the apprentices a home on board until we could procure employment. When we joined our old officer, he very judiciously gave us no time to brood over our misfortunes. He showed us how very kind it was of Captain N—— to give us a home for so long as we required it, and "Now, my boys," said he, "let him see that we appreciate his kindness. These decks look as if they had not been washed for months; let us holystone

and make them nice and clean for him." So we turned to with a good will, and by the evening, the old *Ardent's* decks looked as bright as those of H.M.S. *Slaney.* Thus were gloomy thoughts dispelled from our mind by healthy occupation.

Two or three days after, our late supercargo procured a berth for Sam Hood in the *Asia*, bound to Calcutta, and in less than a fortnight we were all provided for. Willie joined the *Admiral Cockburn*, bound to Batavia; Evans, who was in indifferent health, went home passenger in the *Hope;* and I joined the brig *Calder*, of Calcutta, as third mate. She was commanded by no other than Peter Dillon, already known to the reader.

## CHAPTER VI.

"But sailors are born for all weathers—
Great guns, blow high, blow low—
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the wind drives we must go."

DIBDIN.

WHEN I thought of the prospect before me, and shook hands for the last time with the dear old mate who, by his good advice and instructions, had been like a father to us boys, my heart almost sank within me. I had heard much of the violent temper of the man under whose command I was about to sail; but I had to choose between this berth and being left alone and getting adrift in Sydney. I cannot better describe my feelings and resolution than by an extract from a letter to my father, now before me, dated March 25th, 1825.

"I am afraid, when we get to sea, that the captain will prove a great tyrant; but I pray God to give me the power to please him until I can get into some better situation. I have still your letter to me, and

I promise I will do my best to profit by your instructions. God will support me through all difficulties."

So with this resolve, like Bunyan's pilgrim, "I addressed myself to my journey," and few lads of my age at that time have had a tougher battle to fight with the world than I had for the next eighteen months. But to my story.

When I went on board the *Calder*, the captain was walking the quarter-deck. I have already described his personal appearance. He was dressed in spotless white, and wore a very broad-brimmed straw hat. He came forward, and with a pleasant, smiling countenance welcomed me very graciously. He spoke so kindly about the unfortunate dilemma in which I had been placed through the seizure of the *Almorah*, and of the probability of my soon being amongst my friends in Calcutta, that I began to think that those who had represented him as a Tartar must either have been deceived, or have wilfully maligned him. After making several inquiries as to my capabilities in the three R's, navigation, etc., and appearing to be satisfied with my replies, he introduced me to my brother-officers. The chief mate was a quaint-spoken American from Boston; he had been living on one of the South Sea Islands for ten years, and was perfectly acquainted with the "Kanaka" languages. The second mate was a thorough-

bred north-country sailor, hailing from North Shields. With them I soon became friendly, and in the course of conversation they told me I must not expect to find such plane sailing always, as Peter was in an unwontedly good humour that day. However, from all appearances I fancied that my lot was cast in a happier mould than I had expected, and turned in at night, fully resolved not to meet troubles half-way.

Next morning, the captain told me he had engaged to bring a cargo from Valparaiso, and asked if I had any objection to go there. As I wished to see more of the world, and could get neither to India nor home, it did not seem to matter much where I went, and I at once agreed to sail with him. Shortly after, he called me, and said, "I want you to write a letter for me. Let me see a specimen of your handwriting. I'll tell you what to say."

The letter was a claim for compensation or insurance on the *Futta Salam*, which vessel had been wrecked some time before. Having never heard the ship's name, I inquired how it was spelt.

"And don't you know how to spell it?" said the captain. "Well, F-u-t-t-â S-â-l-â-m," pronouncing "â" with a broad accent.

I wrote F-u-t-t-r S-r-l-r-m. "It's a queer-looking word," said I; "what language is it, sir?"

He looked over my shoulder, and in a con-

temptuous tone exclaimed, "Auch! I didn't tell ye *r-r-r*, but *â*; the first letter in yer âlphâbet."

Here it will be well to forestall my tale with the discovery I very soon made of the character and educational attainments of my commander and the officers of the brig. Few men were possessed of greater natural ability than Captain Peter Dillon, though I believe he was chiefly self-taught. His own logbook was a sort of phonetic curiosity. Whenever the letter "q" occurred, in any word, he invariably wrote "ru" after it; thus, in squally weather, the oft-repeated word was spelt "squally." Yet, with hands behind his back, he would pace the cabin and dictate an admirable letter on any subject. He was a very shrewd navigator by dead reckoning, worked the chronometers, but never troubled himself to obtain the longitude by lunar observations. He exacted the most implicit obedience from all on board, was impatient of the slightest deviation from his orders, and if such a thing did by any chance occur, would sometimes give way to a fit of ungovernable passion, when it was best to give him a wide berth if possible. In the event of insubordination amongst the crew (which, from his arbitrary treatment of them, was not at all improbable), Captain Dillon's policy was to have it composed of an equal number of Europeans and South Sea natives, when he could

procure them. The latter he always treated with great kindness, and they in turn were devoted to him. He could have armed them at any time in his defence, if necessary. He seemed to have an intuitive perception of the probable results of any course of action, especially in dealing with the islanders, amongst whom he had now been trading for many years, and whose language he spoke as fluently as his own. There were many good traits in his character, but they were marred by his extreme severity toward those under his command. Some instances of this, which took place soon after I joined the *Calder*, convinced me at once that I could no longer lead the natural life I had been accustomed to, but must weigh my thoughts before I gave them utterance, and act according to prevailing circumstances. My boyish days were past, and I had now in reality to battle with the world. One thing was so far in my favour—the captain could not get on very well without a private secretary, and this induced him to treat me with more consideration than he usually accorded to others.

The chief mate was a tall, quiet, unassuming man, who had lived so long amongst the indolent natives of the Marquesas Islands, that he had in some degree acquired their habits, and endeavoured to get through the world with as little trouble to himself as possible.

There was a vein of quiet humour in him which was sometimes very amusing; he was inordinately fond of chewing tobacco, and seldom was the large "quid" absent from his mouth, except when he wanted to fill it with something more necessary to his existence. In the sequel it will be seen that he was also over-fond of something more pernicious than tobacco. Whether from indolence or incapacity I could never make out, but he never used a quadrant, neither did his logbook record more than the state of the weather, the direction of the wind, the latitude, and the work going on; the longitude appeared to him of so little importance that he never entered it. He obtained the latitude from me, but never worked out the courses and distances. He frequently fell under the displeasure of the captain, but the explosion of wrath seemed to make no more impression on Mr. Ross than water on a duck's back; he would bear it with imperturbable composure, never answering a word.

The second mate was a well-built, active, north-country seaman, who might almost have sung with Barry Cornwall, "For I was born, was born on the open sea." He was every inch a sailor, whether on duty or frolic. "When the signal was given, he was first up aloft;" and where could the man be found to dance a hornpipe with more spirit than Jack Mossman? From ten to seventeen years of age he had served his

time on board a collier, and continued in that employ until promoted to first mate, when, not having learned to read or write, he could advance no farther. After a time, he determined to see more of the world, and entered on board H.M.S. *Fly*. Having been paid off after a three years' cruise on the South American station, he shipped in a vessel bound for Sydney, and, about a twelvemonth before the seizure of the *Almorah*, had joined the *Calder* at that port. Thoroughly versed was he in every detail of seamanship, cool and self-possessed in the hour of danger and difficulty, a firm friend to those who pleased him, but easily offended, and a dogged, inveterate hater of those to whom he took a dislike, with a spice of cruelty towards those who were not able to defend themselves. Whenever the "cat" was to be used, he was the operator. "We made a compact 'twixt us twa"—he engaged to instruct me in seamanship, and I in return promised to teach him to read and write. I am sorry to say, however, that I found him a very unimpressible scholar, and I could not persuade him to persevere, so that I had by far the best of the bargain.

Eight Europeans and four Tahitians formed the crew; three officers, a Bengalee steward, a Khaunsumah and a Chinese cook, made up the complement.

The day before we sailed from Port Jackson, the

captain ordered the "trade" to be brought on deck for examination, and to make an inventory of it; he informed me it would be a part of my duty to take charge of it. It consisted of a large quantity of iron tools, fish-hooks, beads and other ornaments, coloured cloth, Jew's-harps, and a miscellaneous assortment of articles used in bartering with the natives of the South Sea Islands. In the course of his cruises amongst them, he had been in the habit of purchasing everything the natives would dispose of, for the sake of being on friendly terms with them. There were now on board a large number of native spears, clubs, bows and arrows, paddles, etc., the latter beautifully carved and ornamented. All these things were arranged on the top of the hencoops.

A boy had been sent ashore with a number of verbal messages, and returned on board while we were taking stock. It so happened that he had forgotten to call at one of the places to which he had been sent, and the moment he was asked for the reply from that place, he appeared to be aware of what he might expect—bolted forward at once, and vanished behind the galley. Now, Captain Dillon had been in a most amiable mood all the morning. The native implements suggested pleasant reminiscences: he had been spinning a long yarn about some adventure in those fairy lands, and had an

eager and attentive listener in myself; but the untoward omission of the boy changed the aspect of affairs in one moment. Peter's countenance lowered; he turned suddenly round, snatched up an axe, and sent it whizzing after the poor boy. Fortunately, there was no one in the way; the boy had reached the galley in time, and the axe fell harmless on the deck. The ebullition of temper passed away in a moment. Dillon cursed the boy for a stupid fool, and resumed the yarn and taking stock. Presently after, the hands were sent to dinner, when two "Kanakas" were sent to land the boy, that he might deliver the forgotten message. Whether he did so or not we never heard, for he appeared no more on board the *Calder*, and we sailed next day without him.

On March 23rd, 1825, we sailed for Valparaiso. Two or three days after leaving Sydney, it came on to blow hard from the westward, and we had a succession of gales with little intermission, until within three days' sail of our destination. One night, just after the watch was relieved at eight p.m., the *Calder* was scudding along under double-reefed topsails and foresail, with the wind on the starboard quarter. A fresh hand had just taken the wheel, with a native to assist at the lee-wheel. The brig had low square tucks, and steered very badly when running. Just then she took a heavy wipe off. The steersman was

whipping the helm to port to counteract it, when the native, mistaking what was required of him, hove the wheel against the helmsman, and in a few seconds the vessel was brought by the lee. The sails were laid flat aback in less time than it has taken me to record it. The hands had not left the deck, and when the mate sang out, "Let go the topsail halliards, and clew up," it was smartly done. We were in the act of hauling up the foresail, when the brig took a tremendous dive into the trough of the sea, and, as she rose again, shipped the crest of it over the bow. In an instant the ropes were torn from our grip, and we were washed away aft in a heap on to the quarter-deck. Fortunately, no bones were broken, so we picked ourselves up and ran forward again. By this time the foretop staysail had paid off the brig's head, and the foresail was shivering.

"Set the foresail!" shouted Mossman. The sheets were hauled aft, the sail filled, and the vessel gathered headway again before the gale; the fore-topsail was furled, and the main-topsail set again. Meanwhile, Mr. Ross, who expected what would come next, had seized the helm, and was bringing her round to her course. He told the helmsman to "get out of the way, quick;" and the man had just gained the forecastle, when Captain Dillon came flying up the companion, pistol in hand. He rushed to the wheel, and

finding only the mate there, shouted out, "Where's the villain who was at the wheel?"

With the utmost *sang-froid*, and without moving a muscle of his countenance, Ross replied in his usual nasal twang, "I guess he's just gone forward. I sent him out o' this, for fear you'd shoot him."

The captain turned on his heel, and as by this time the brig had come round to her course and the foresail was set, he ordered the fore-topsail to be furled, and dived below to his cabin.

The gale increased, the sea ran very high, and it was only by the most careful watching that the vessel could be steered. About one a.m., we shipped a sea over the starboard quarter, which washed away the bulwarks and sent all the hencoops flying to leeward. It was during my watch below. I was suddenly roused from a sound sleep in my hammock by the awful row overhead, and at the same moment was shot out of bed by the sudden jerk. Providentially there was a model canoe tryced up abreast of me; I was thrown against it with such violence as to stave in the side of it, and then fell on the deck. Had it not been for this fender, I should probably have dashed out my brains against an iron knee. All hands rushed on deck, under the impression that the masts had gone by the board; but, finding there was no more to be done than the watch could accomplish,

turned in again. There was no light in the 'tween decks, where my hammock was slung; but after groping about in the dark for some time, I managed to get my bed somewhat to rights, scrambled in, and soon became perfectly unconscious of the tempest raging overhead. When I went on deck for the morning watch, I was saluted with "Sweep! sweep!" I then discovered that a large jar of lamp-black had broken its lashing, and the contents had been capsized over the deck below; and when so summarily ejected from my bed, I had been wallowing in the black powder, and had not observed that I was like a darkie till thus saluted.

The sea had given the brig a great list to port. We found that, by the sudden jerk, the chain cable, which had been stowed on the ballast on the starboard side of the main hatchway, had been capsized over to the port side, together with a quantity of the stone ballast, and everything else that was movable. All hands were occupied throughout the next day in trimming the vessel upright, by getting things into place again. As an instance of the suddenness and violence of the shock, I may mention that the mate's cabin door, which had been taken off the hinges and stowed on its edge between a large chest and the bulkhead, was pitched up on top of his bed, and unceremoniously disturbed his repose. Next day we

were scudding under double-reefed topsails and foresail, when a heavy following sea curled over the sternboat, broke into her, and in an instant not a vestige of her was to be seen but the two ringbolts by which she hung to the davits. Had it come three or four feet farther ahead, it would have burst upon our deck, most probably with disastrous consequences.

On April 9th, crossed from east to west longitude; this day, therefore, had to be reckoned twice, and we had two Saturdays in one week.

The Bengalee steward was a stupid and careless fellow, always in trouble. He shook silver spoons overboard out of the table-cloth; he cut canvas out of the light sails to make knife-cloths; he poured oil on the deck instead of into the binnacle lamps, and was guilty of many other delinquencies, quite sufficient to ruffle the temper of any one; and in a man of the captain's irascible temperament they produced an almost daily fit of exasperation, vented on the unfortunate steward in cruel beatings and floggings with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Had it not been for the piteous result which invariably ensued, one could hardly have helped laughing at the first explosion of the captain's wrath, which commenced with a long string of anathemas in Bengalee and other languages that nobody understood, beginning always with "Iskee goostie"—the whole uttered with such volubility as to

make him gasp for breath, and winding up with a "Bad scram to ye!" Unfortunately, it always ended in either thrashing the poor steward at once or promising him a flogging on the morrow. On such occasions, the officers and the watch were mustered on the quarter-deck; the poor wretch was seized up to the hammock-rail by the wrists, and his feet were made fast to a capstan-bar. The north-countryman took his station, "cat" in hand, and ran his fingers through the cords to keep them clear. At a sign from the captain, he performed the duty of a boatswain's mate, by giving the poor old man a dozen lashes. Writhing in agony, he shrieked out in vain for mercy. There was not a shadow of pity expressed in the countenances of his tormentors (they said he was only a black fellow), and he was cast adrift after the execution, with his blood streaming from the wounds inflicted by the horrible instrument of torture, and (as the logbook stated) "returned to his duty." It was the first time I had seen this sort of corporal punishment administered, and I looked upon the cruel scene with abhorrence, but without any power to arrest it.

On May 13th, we arrived at Valparaiso, and moored in seventeen fathoms, with two whole chain cables ahead and a hempen cable astern, to keep the brig from swinging out with the land breeze. H.M.S. *Cambridge* (80 guns), *Tartar*, *Blonde*, *Briton*, and

*Blossom* (frigates), and *Mersey* (sloop of war) were moored in the bay, together with a smart little French corvette, and the *Esmeralda* (74), *Independencia* (frigate), and *Achilles* (a splendid gun-brig), all Chilian. There was also a large fleet of English and American merchant-vessels riding in the bay.

## CHAPTER VII.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

DIBDIN.

AS soon as the crew had put the *Calder* in harbour trim, the European seamen were all paid off, and I was glad to see the poor steward also discharged. The captain took up his quarters on shore, leaving the three officers and four Tahitians to take care of the brig. On his previous voyage to this coast, he and a merchant on shore had purchased a ship of about four hundred and thirty tons. She had been built at Paraguay, many years before, and in the course of the wars which for so long a time had been raging in South America had been taken and retaken by the different belligerents, figuring under a different name each time, until she had lost all nationality. From this time forth she was called the *St. Patrick*, and the "star without the crown" fluttered at her peak. She had been sent to New Zealand for a cargo of

Kawri spars, Captain Florence commanding, and after a successful voyage had returned to Valparaiso about a fortnight before the arrival of the *Calder*. She was now discharging her spars, which had come to an excellent market.

For some time our only employment was keeping the vessel in order and mending her sails. As good old Dr. Watts hath it, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Mr. Ross, the chief mate, having nothing particular to occupy his attention on board, went to take a walk on shore, and falling in with some old friends, adjourned with them to a wine-shop, where they drank one another's health so often that our imprudent shipmate returned very much the worse for liquor. Misfortunes never will come single, and it so happened that the captain paid us a visit that very afternoon. He soon discovered the state Mr. Ross was in, gave him a severe reprimand, and discharged him on the spot, but afterwards gave him permission to remain on board the *Calder* until he could procure another berth.

The beach is rather steep, and there is often so much surf that a boat steered by a rudder would be suddenly wheeled round and cast broadside on to the sand, her crew getting a good ducking. The superiority of a whale-boat, with her long steer-oar, was very manifest; for with it she was kept end on, and

rode in on the crest of the wave. The *Calder* had a whale-boat, and with my native crew I frequently landed, when the ordinary ship's boats could not look at it. The Tahitians make smart boatmen. The moment the boat's stem touched the strand, they launched their oars athwart, leaped out, and, seizing the gunwale, ran her up until the wave left her high and dry; then, laying an oar on the sand at head and stern, wound her round on them, ready for launching.

Our rendezvous on shore was at the store of a canny Scot, who deservedly bore the title of "The Sailors' Friend," for a seaman in distress was never known to apply to him for help in vain. On the front of the counter, shone out in gilt letters the old adage—

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Is the way to get healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Amongst the many gallant exploits that were performed by our countrymen during the struggles of the Chilians for independence, there was not one which, for daring and consummate skill, exceeded that which this man, in company with five others, accomplished. They purchased the long-boat of a wrecked vessel, put a deck on her, and fitted her out for a cruise up the coast, "seeking." They managed to cut out a fine Spanish corvette, bring her out from the protection of a fort, and escape from two launches full of armed

men, one of which they swamped. They afterwards lowered one of the corvette's boats at a time, and passed the crew, one hundred and fifty in number (whom they had managed to confine below when they boarded her), one by one, in boat after boat, till all were adrift. They then made sail for Valparaiso, and brought their prize safely into port. The heroic capture was then fresh in the memory of many, and we often heard the details graphically related.

After awhile we received orders to prepare for taking in cargo, and were thus employed when, on June 6th, at daybreak, a heavy ground-swell in the bay, and dark lowering clouds with a constant downpour of rain, warned us to make ready for a gale. The *Calder* was lying with top-gallant yards across. Mossman went aloft forward, and I went up aft; sent them down on deck, and housed the masts. By nine o'clock it was blowing hard, the sea rising fast, and the brig pitching heavily. After slipping the stern cable, in order to allow her to ride head to wind, we mounted aloft again, sent down top-gallant masts and lower yards, and housed the topmasts. Our great difficulty was to make the natives understand what we required them to do, as neither of us knew their language. Mr. Ross, who spoke it fluently and had at first interpreted for us, mysteriously disappeared off the deck soon after we turned to. Knowing his

unfortunate propensity, I had taken the precaution of locking the grog-case and putting the key in my pocket; but what safeguard are locks and bolts against the awful infatuation which hurries men on to commit the most heinous acts that they may obtain the drink by which body and soul are enthralled? One would have thought that, in this instance, the imminent peril we were in would have induced him to render all the assistance in his power until we had made the vessel snug; but after finishing our work, rendered infinitely more arduous for want of that help which he alone could have afforded, when we came down to dinner, we had the mortification of finding the grog-case broken open, and Ross lying dead drunk on the cabin floor.

The cook had managed to knock up a dinner for us, notwithstanding the gale, and, being pretty sharp set with our morning's work, we did ample justice to it. Although the storm was increasing fast, we had confidence enough in our ground tackle to expect that our vessel would ride out the gale as well as any in the port, with our two whole cables on end. H.M.S. *Cambridge* and the rest of the fleet had sent down lower yards, housed topmasts, and veered away their cables to the clinch.

After dinner, we cleared up the deck, hauled every rope taut, and made all snug. About four p.m. the

*Esmeralda* parted her cables; her head paid off before the wind, and she ran stem on to the beach, opposite Mr. Nugent's (the British Consul's) house.

> "The storm came on thicker and faster,
> And black just as pitch was the sky,
> When truly a doleful disaster
> Befel my poor shipmates and I."

Wet through and weary, we were just going below to get a shift, when an unforeseen danger threatened us. The *Valparaiso*, a Chilian brig, was moored about two cables' length on our starboard bow. Her crew had deserted her at daybreak without veering out her cables, and she now began to drive. As she drove down towards the *Calder*, her stern cable came athwart our bower cables, and our only chance of clearing ourselves was by cutting it; that when the *Valparaiso* swung head to wind, she might possibly hold on, or drive clear of us.

Mossman lashed a block to our bowsprit, and rove a stout rope in it; then, making a bowline, seated himself in it. Taking an axe in his right hand, and grasping the rope with his left, he told us to lower him down. It was a perilous undertaking, for the brig at times pitched bows under; but he held on bravely, getting a slash at the bass rope cable whenever it came within reach. Two or three times he was plunged over head and ears into the sea; anon he

was dangling in the air, with the water pouring off him in streams, and almost breathless. With undaunted perseverance he again made a cut at the cable, and at last, when about half severed, it parted with a violent jerk. The *Valparaiso* swung head to wind. We hauled Mossman up to the bowsprit; he clambered on to the forecastle, and glad enough was I to see my daring messmate safe on deck again.

We now went below to get dry clothes, but I could see that Mossman was still anxious. "If that brig drives any more," said he, "I'm afraid it will go hard with us."

After taking a cup of coffee, he said, "I'll step on deck and take a look round."

He had no sooner done so than he sang out, "She's right alongside!" It was too true; she had continued to drive; her port anchor had hooked our chains, which were now bearing the strain of both vessels. A minute after, the *Calder* plunged bows under, and, as she and the other brig were borne back on the crest of the following wave, snap went both our cables, and at once we were drifting helplessly towards the shore.

"Jump up, George, and stand by to save your life!" shouted Mossman.

I sprang on deck. The tempest raged with the utmost fury; the darkness was intense. Nothing

was visible but a few lights on shore, and the foaming breakers on the rocks, the roar of which could be distinctly heard above the terrible din of the storm. The rain poured down in torrents. The poor natives ran aft to us. Mossman spoke to us in a cheery tone, and told us to keep close to him, and do as he did. He then put the bight of a rope round him, and made it fast to a belaying-pin. Each of us did the same; then, in breathless suspense, we awaited our fate.

The *Calder's* head paid off until she drifted broadside to the blast. Down to leeward was a dark mass of rocks, some high, some just awash, called by the sailors Cape Horn. When riding head to wind, just before dark, these rocks lay directly astern of us. If we drifted on them, our poor brig would be shivered to atoms in a few minutes, and it would be next to a miracle if any of us escaped with our lives. If, on the other hand, she drove on to the sandy beach, there was a chance, notwithstanding the high surf, that the vessel would get embedded in the sand, and hold together till, in some way or other, we might be able to get on shore.

I cannot attempt to describe the tumultuous rush of feeling during the agonizing suspense of those few minutes, as we were hastened apparently nearer and nearer to impending destruction, and were utterly

unable to do anything to avert it. The thoughts of home and friends about to be lost for ever, and the prospect of being immediately summoned to answer for the deeds done in the body, might well appall the stoutest hearts, were it not for faith in a loving Saviour and a meeting-place beyond. Utterly powerless to save ourselves, we can only cry, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" and He inspires us with hope and resolution to meet the approaching calamity with fortitude, and to resign ourselves to His will, whether for life or death.

With the gale on her broadside, the brig forged a little ahead withal. As she drifted, a very few minutes sufficed to bring her close to the shore, when, one moment, she hung suspended on the crest of a mighty roller; the next, she was dashed on the sandy beach, about thrice her length ahead of the dreaded rocks, the sea breaking clean over the rail and overwhelming us for a few seconds in the passing deluge.

"Thank God!" said Mossman, seizing my hand; "we may hope to be saved."

The *Calder* was a very strong teak-built vessel, or the shock must have shattered her frame; and had we not been lashed fast, we should have been thrown to leeward, and either killed on the spot or drowned. With the reflux of the wave, she rolled on her beam ends outwards, exposing her deck to the sea. The

main boom broke adrift and swept across, just over our heads. It appeared as if the next wave must break on board and stave in the deck; but as it rolled in with resistless force, it righted her—floated her for a couple of seconds, and hurled her higher on the beach, making everything quiver again. The main boom swung over again, and the end sticking in the sand, it broke short off, and down came the trysail-mast, falling within a couple of feet of where we were huddled together, and smashing the top of the companion-hatch and the steering-wheel to atoms. It was a great mercy that none of us were hit.

"We must try and cut away the mainmast when she rolls inwards," said Mossman. "Watch for a chance, George; dive down to the store-room and bring up a couple of axes, if you can."

During a momentary lull, I made my way down to the cabin, and, after being pitched across it two or three times, found the axes and reached the deck with them.

"That's your sort," said Mossman, taking one of them. "Now clamber into the hammock-netting, and make yourself fast, so that you can't be washed overboard; and when I sing out, 'Now!' cut away at the shrouds with all your might, while I chop into the mast."

Mossman made himself fast to the topsail sheet-

bitts, whilst I did the same round the hammock-rail, the natives holding my legs.

"Look out for the next roll! Are you ready?" shouted Mossman.

"All ready," replied I.

As the heavy sea broke over the bulwarks, the brig came upright.

"Now!" roared out Mossman, at the same moment making a deep gash in the mast.

Half-smothered as I was, I succeeded in cutting through two of the shrouds. As soon as the strain came heavy on them, the rest parted, and as the vessel fell over on her beam ends, inshore, the wounded mainmast went by the board, and, with a hideous crash, fell its full length on the sand, together with the broken yards, rigging, etc. The foaming surge washed up the sand over this wreckage, which then became so firmly embedded that it effectually prevented the brig from rolling outwards any more. We held on again under the weather bulwarks, grateful that there was no farther danger to our lives. The seas struck against the bilge, rushed up the side, and fell in a cascade over our heads. A vast number of people had collected on the road opposite the wreck, and we hailed them to inform Captain Dillon of the fate of the *Calder*. Shortly after the fall of the mainmast, he came down, accompanied by a

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guard of soldiers to prevent any wreckers from getting on board. In the course of a couple of hours, the sand had accumulated so much over the wreck of the mast, that communication with the shore was established. Finding, however, that there was no chance of plundering, and the rain still continuing to pour down in torrents, the mob dispersed, and we remained unmolested.

The poor Tahitians being quite exhausted, the captain hailed for them to make their way ashore. By clambering down the wreck, and making a run for it when the waves receded, they gained the dry land, and comfortable quarters were provided for them. Mossman and I being left to ourselves, and there being no fear of the brig rolling outwards again, trusted to the guard to keep a look-out, went below, and put on dry clothes. We found some eatables scattered about, so we took what we could pick up, and turned in, all standing; not to sleep, though, for the seas striking and cascading over the vessel effectually prevented us from getting any rest, and we struggled up next morning, unrefreshed, but with a hard day's work before us. As for Ross, we supposed that when the brig took the ground the jerk shot him into the lee berth opposite where he was lying, for there we found him when we went below, still sleeping off the effect of his debauch. In

the morning he watched his opportunity, sneaked off, and we saw him no more for some weeks.

The captain sent us a good supply of food from the shore, there being now no difficulty in passing to and fro.

The brig *Valparaiso* drifted on to the dreaded rocks in the course of the night. Being very light, she had been lifted over the outside ones, and at daybreak was jammed between two rocks on the inner part of the reef, quite upright, and with the sea making a clean breach over her. Shortly after, her deck was stove in, when the work of destruction went on rapidly. About an hour after, she broke up, and every vestige of her disappeared.

The gale continued with unremitting violence; but our sandy gangway being continually heaped up more and more, we were enabled to land all the instruments, "trade," cabin furniture, and other light things; these were placed in a store hard by, which the captain had hired for the occasion. During the following night the bad weather entirely passed away. The morning broke with an unclouded sky, a light wind, and the sea so moderate that boats were able to land for provisions as usual. A gang of European seamen were employed to strip the brig and take everything into the store. Whilst Mossman and I were engaged in the hold, or about the rigging, some

of these loving countrymen contrived to get into our cabin, eased us of all the clothes that were worth taking, and managed to get clear off with them. Fortunately, I had taken my sextant, quadrant, and other things of value to the store; but of clothes, there was little more left to us than we stood upright in.

The anchors and cables were swept for and recovered. An auctioneer was appointed to sell them, together with the hull of the poor brig as she lay with the tide flowing through a large hole in her bilge, and all the stores, ropes, sails, curiosities, etc.; everything but the "trade," which alone was retained for future purposes. The whole was knocked down to the highest bidder "for the benefit of all concerned." As I was not included amongst that number, the balance of pay due to me was settled, and I was once more adrift in a foreign country, with twenty dollars in my pocket and a very small kit.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."
*Tempest.*

I WAS now in sorry plight; but I cannot say I felt very miserable about it. I endeavoured to obtain work at the trade I had learnt, but found, on application at the sail-loft, that there was not sufficient employment even for their regular hands. The master, however, kindly offered me the use of a little furnished bedroom over the loft until I could procure another berth, which offer I thankfully accepted. Board, clothing, etc., were very dear, so that my small stock of money was soon exhausted; and I was obliged to part with my sextant, fortunately finding in the captain of the *St. Patrick* a purchaser who gave me something like a fair price for it, so that with the proceeds I was enabled to support myself and get another outfit.

The greater part of the seamen in the Chilian

navy had been paid off some time before, and amongst them were many bad characters, who prowled about at night to entrap the unwary. During the time I was in search of employment, many cases of robbery and some of murder occurred; the victims were most frequently sailors and marines on liberty, who had been drinking. It was extremely difficult to convict the perpetrators of these foul deeds. The dead body of a marine was found in the market-place one morning; he had been stabbed to death. The murderers were never discovered. Some Chilians, looking at the corpse of the poor fellow, said, "Oh, he's only a heretic!" None of them took the least trouble about the matter, and the murderers escaped. At last, some of them broke into the house of a well-to-do Roman Catholic, and on the principle that "dead men tell no tales," they killed him and his wife. On this occasion, the two villains were captured and condemned to be shot. One morning early, they were marched down to the market-place, handcuffed, attended by a priest, and guarded by a company of soldiers. The soldiers took up a position so as to prevent their escape. They were placed with their backs to the wall, and about a dozen soldiers were ranged in front of them. At a given signal, the priest gave his last exhortation and moved away: the soldiers fired a volley, and the wretched culprits fell

dead on the spot. In the evening, there were about a hundred candles burning on the ground where they were shot, and this was repeated for several nights after.

It was not only dangerous to be walking about alone after dark, it was also necessary to be very careful not to offend against any of their superstitious customs by day. If the "host" was being carried along the street, you were compelled to dive into a shop, unless you were prepared to fall down and worship, or at least take off your hat to it. Failing in either of these, you were pretty sure of a beating from the mob. On St. Peter's Day, there was a grand fête held. The fishermen, who claim him as their patron saint, mustered in force at the old church, unshipped the saint from his pedestal, and, forming a long procession, conveyed the image to a large canoe specially decorated for the service. A whole fleet of canoes then escorted it to the beach at the Almandraal, about three miles distant. It was there met by another procession, which accompanied it up to the church, where a religious service was performed; after which the image was returned to its proper niche in the old church, with the same state as before. As it passed along, through the gaily dressed crowd (for all Valparaiso had turned out in holiday costume), they all bowed reverently to it, then returned

to their fandango, gambling, cock-fighting, etc. I was told, but cannot vouch for the truth of the statement, that some time before, the fishermen had been in great distress, not having had anything like a catch for a long while. They attributed the failure to St. Peter, took his image out of the church, and gave it a rope's ending; after which they caught plenty of fish. Even this would not have been more absurd than many things of daily occurrence.

After vainly endeavouring to obtain an officer's berth for nearly six weeks, I was on the point of shipping before the mast in a homeward-bound brig, when Captain Dillon purchased the other half of the *St. Patrick*, and decided on fitting her out for another voyage to New Zealand, to load spars for Calcutta. Captain John Florence was to command her, as on the previous voyage. Mossman was promoted to chief officer, Ross reduced to second, and I was appointed third, as in the *Calder*. I forthwith conveyed myself and my traps to my new home. The Chinese cook was also shipped, and six South Sea Islanders.

The ship required a thorough refit. Mossman was well qualified to carry on this duty, and, working under him, I mastered all the details of a rigger's art. We stripped her to a gantline, stripped and refitted all the rigging, and had everything ataunto

again before the European part of the crew were engaged.

Meanwhile, Ross was busily employed on shore with Captain Dillon, in selecting and purchasing the stores, trade, provisions, etc. The previous loading of the *St. Patrick* had been purchased with muskets and gunpowder, and there was still a great demand for them in New Zealand. Forty or fifty second-hand muskets, eight barrels of gunpowder, a large quantity of old lead for bullets, a number of brass locks, etc., were bought and sent on board, together with all the "trade" from the *Calder*, to be used as barter for the expected cargo, and for the purchase of provisions whilst among the islands. In those days money was not current in New Zealand; in fact, at the time of our leaving Valparaiso, the captain's money had all been expended in the cost of the outfit; the seamen's money had all been spent in drink and providing their kit, which, in most cases, was very meagre; my last dollar was paid for a straw hat, and we were actually about to start upon a voyage (which eventually occupied eleven months), and procure a cargo for a ship of 450 tons burden, without a dollar on board, as far as I knew.

The *St. Patrick* was well supplied with firearms for her own defence, in case of an attack from the natives. In those days, and in that part of the

world, there was no dietary attached to the articles of agreement, and our fare was anything but sumptuous. If Jack wished for any luxuries, such as tea, coffee, sugar, or tobacco, he had either to carry them with him, or take them up from the captain. In our case, however, there was no tea, coffee, or sugar on board, except what was required for the cabin. Molasses, and a wretched substitute for tea, called mattee, might be taken up—for a consideration; but the crew generally preferred what they called "Geo-graffy," this being made of a biscuit set on fire, scorched, and put into boiling water. The weevils gave the liquor a slightly bitter taste, which, the men said, was like coffee. I believe it was very difficult to obtain good provisions in Valparaiso. I suppose the captain purchased the best he could find, but bad was the best.

As we hoisted Chilian colours, the European portion of the ship's complement were entered at the Custom House as "naturalized Chilians," viz. Dom Pedro Dillon, capitan primiero; Dom Juan Florentio, capitan segundo; Juan Mossman, pilote primiero, etc. Ross, second officer, myself third, boatswain, carpenter, armourer, gunner, and sixteen English and Scotch seamen, most of whom had served under Lord Cochrane during the Chilian struggle for independence; eleven South Sea Islanders, a Chinese cook,

a Bengalee steward and servant, and a son of the Governor of Valparaiso, who accompanied us for experience, made up our number.

On October 8th, 1825, we unmoored and lay at single anchor in the outer roadstead. Captain Dillon soon came off, bringing with him the remainder of his property, amongst which were three horses and two donkeys, which were to be landed at Otaheite. When all were shipped and boats hoisted up, we hove up the anchor, made all sail, and, with the "star without the crown" at the peak, and an enormous green flag with yellow Irish harp in it at the main, bade a long and joyful adieu to Valparaiso.

With light winds, we made very slow progress. Several days were occupied in making arrangements in the cabins to the captain's satisfaction; when these were complete, they differed so entirely from the usual run of cabins in the merchant service, that a description of them may be interesting. Turning aft a few feet from the foot of the companion-ladder, you entered the state-room. This was separated by a strong bulkhead on either hand from a gallery, about four feet broad, between it and the ship's side. It communicated with a smaller cabin next forward, the whole being isolated from the 'tween-deck cabins by another strong bulkhead. These cabins were fitted with lockers and other compartments adapted

for stowing away the "trade," so that every sort of article was ready to hand when required. The galleries were fitted throughout with musket, pistol, bayonet, and cutlass racks, which bristled with these weapons; each musket and pistol had its cartouche-box suspended from it by the shoulder-strap. Against the bulkhead, on the starboard side, stood Captain Dillon's sleeping-berth, and on this bulkhead were racks for a blunderbuss, two pairs of pistols, and some cutlasses, whilst a tough shillelagh, with a spring dagger in the head, lay "convanient" inside the sideboard of the berth. The gunpowder was stowed in a magazine built in the smaller cabin. Thus, the captain had everything movable belonging to him under his own eye, and, having his weapons within reach, was prepared for any emergency at a moment's notice, even when turned in.

All the firearms now underwent a careful examination. Many of those newly purchased were found very thin about the muzzle, locks defective, etc. The armourer had them out one by one, and, being a clever fellow, made them all look as good as new by the time we arrived in New Zealand. This was effected by filing about an inch off the barrel, and making it bright, repairing the locks, and fitting brass mountings to the stocks, these mountings being made out of the old brass locks procured at Val-

paraiso; a little furniture polish completed the operation. When they came out of the armourer's hands, prepared for barter, they really looked as if just turned out of the manufactory.

Amongst the odds and ends which came on board was the old sea-chest of a deceased shipmaster, with its contents, which consisted chiefly of books and papers, some old logbooks, and half a dozen manuscript books of verses, many of these evidently original. Poor fellow! when he committed his effusions to paper, he little thought after what manner his tender sentiments were to reach the hearts of men.

"Mr. Bayly, do you know how to make musket cartridges?" said the captain to me one day, as he sat with the old chest before him.

"No, sir; but I dare say I could soon learn."

"Sit down, then, by me, and I'll soon tache ye."

Taking up a manuscript and a pair of scissors, he shaped out a pattern, and for weeks afterwards we wrought together, cutting out and rolling up, until all the sentimental ditties, and the logbook too, were made up into cartridges. I used to get a look at the poetry when I could, and thought some of it really too good for such a fate. When the captain was in a good humour, he would sometimes while away the time by relating some of his numerous stirring adventures amongst the natives, and at others,

he would ask me to read to him from the voyages of the early navigators. He took peculiar interest in that of La Perouse, and told me that for many years he had been continually hoping to discover where his vessels were wrecked.

At ten a.m. we broke off to take sights for the chronometers, and at seven bells went on deck for the noon observations. Captain Florence kept his own logbook. I gave him the chronometer sights; but he never compared his reckonings with ours. As for the chief and second mates, as in the *Calder*, they made no pretensions to work up the ship's position. I had not succeeded in persuading Mossman to learn to read and write.

On one occasion, the captain gave me a lesson which might be useful to many a young fellow just starting as an officer. He had told me to get a couple of hands aft to do something he wanted. I was on my way forward to bring the men, and had reached the gangway, when he called out, "Mr. Bayly, I want you here!"

I went aft to him.

"Stand by me, sir."

I did so.

"Now give yer orders, sir, and make yer voice save yer heels."

Nothing very material occurred on the passage.

We sighted Whitsunday, Egmont, and Cumberland Isles, all uninhabited and surrounded by coral reefs, with a high surf running over them. On November 14th, rounded to in a spacious bay at Maitea or Osnaburgh Island, and sent Mr. Ross, with a native boat's crew, to endeavour to get some grass for the cattle. He procured plenty of grass, and as many cocoa-nuts as the boat would carry, for about half a dozen iron tools. The nuts were shared amongst the crew, and were very acceptable, our provisions being none of the best, with but a stinted allowance of them. The total allowance of provisions per man per day, when at sea, was one pound of salt beef, half a pound of flour, pease, or rice alternately, one pound of biscuit, three quarts of water, and no grog.

The east end of Otaheite, as the island was then called, came in sight next morning, and after running along outside of the southern reefs, we hauled up for Matavai Bay, where the old ship was safely anchored at four p.m. A long, flat, sandy neck of land, covered with cocoa-nut and other fruit trees, and terminating in Point Venus, forms the northern boundary of the bay, which is skirted by a black sandy beach all round. At the inner part of this low point stood the missionary's house and garden, surrounded by a village of native huts. Here the horses and donkeys were landed, and placed in charge of the missionary,

Mr. Wilson. One of the horses being rather restive, it was necessary to make a separate trip with him in the long-boat. On reaching the shore, the boat was laid broadside on, and heeled over toward the beach, the water being perfectly smooth. The ostler landed, with a long line fast to the headstall, but for some time the animal could not be induced to leave the boat. The missionary and a large crowd of natives were looking on, the latter laughing heartily at our ineffectual attempts. At last the horse leaped suddenly over the gunwale of the boat, and started at full gallop towards the crowd. A panic seized the natives, who until this day had never seen an animal larger than a pig. They turned and fled, knocking over Mr. Wilson in their flight; a host of them fell over him and one another, and there was at once an indiscriminate mass of shouting, laughing, shrieking men, women, and children rolling about on the sand. Meanwhile, the ostler gathered in the slack of his line and checked the horse in time to prevent his hurting any one. After performing a few gyrations, he was brought to a standstill, and all enjoyed a hearty laugh at the adventure.

Numbers of canoes came alongside with a great variety of tropical fruits, including the bread-fruit in great abundance. The natives seemed disposed to be most friendly with us. A fine, tall, handsome

fellow would come on board and salute you with "Uranna" (Your honour, which is equivalent to "How d'ye do?"). "Me frennie you" (Let you and me be friends). If you were not already engaged with a friend, the proposition would be accepted, and your native brother would supply you with fruit, and humbly attend to all your requests during the ship's stay, and trust to your making him some small present when she sailed. At that time, about five or six years only had elapsed since idolatry had been forsaken; they were then in the first enthusiasm of conversion to Christianity, and their hearts warmed with love towards the white man, which, as far as sailors were concerned, was not always requited as it should have been.

After lying at Matavai three or four days, we weighed and made sail for Papê-êtè. It is surrounded by coral reefs, with a narrow entrance, through which the *St. Patrick* was piloted by an English sailor, and anchored just opposite the church in water as smooth as a millpond, and so clear that the bottom could be seen plainly at a depth of seven or eight fathoms. On turning out at daybreak on Sunday, the first sound that greeted my ears was the pleasant one of a congregation singing a hymn to a well-known English tune. I had not heard such a sound since leaving Sydney. I would fain have attended the

service, but there was work to be done on board, and this was not finished till noon. In the afternoon, liberty was given to half the crew to have a ramble on shore. Two of us started off into the woods, and, after some time, lost all trace of where we had come from. After wandering about for a couple of hours, now and then falling in with a wild plantain, or orange tree, we struck upon a shallow stream. Rightly judging it to be that from which we filled our water-casks on the beach, we waded down for a mile or so, then came out at the place we expected, and, finding one of the boats there, were glad to return to the ship, well tired with our excursion.

About half-way between Papê-êtè and Matavai, lived a missionary's wife, whose husband had gone to England on leave. She possesed a large herd of goats. As Captain Dillon had been unable to procure pigs suitable for sea-stock, Mrs. Nott promised him half a dozen goats, and I was sent for them, with a suitable present in exchange. The boat having to proceed to Matavai, landed me near Mrs. Nott's residence. Having delivered the present, and finding the old lady not inclined to be very sociable, I took a stroll, and soon came upon the first church built by Pomarrè after he became a Christian. It had been originally about seven hundred feet long, but part of it had been destroyed by a hurricane; it had

seven pulpits in it, and served for church, schoolroom, and all other religious purposes. From the roof were suspended, throughout the length of the building, light variegated mats, which waved to and fro with the least breath of wind. "Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound," but the distant roar of the surf on the reefs, the monotonous murmur of which almost lulled me to sleep. The contrast between this quiet spot and the turmoil and swearing on board the ship was perfect. How long I sat there, indulging in reveries of my far-off home, I do not know. I was aroused by the approach of a native, who beckoned to me. I followed him to a secluded spot, where stood a house, inside of which was the tomb of the good old King Pomarrè. It was a plain, neat structure, with neither ornament nor inscription on it. The stillness was delicious, broken only by the surf murmur mingling with the sighing of the light breeze as it rustled the leaves of the lofty bread-fruit trees overshadowing the grave. We walked together along the sand. As we were passing a cocoa-nut tree, I pointed to the nuts, and asked my companion to get me one. In a moment he went up the tree like a monkey, and threw down half a dozen. We opened a couple, and had a drink of cool milk; he carried the rest for me to the boat.

After rambling about for some time, visiting the

tappa (native cloth) manufactory, etc., our boat having returned, Mrs. Nott kindly offered me the pick of her flock. I selected six of the fattest, which were at once conveyed to the boat by twice as many natives. Taking leave of the old lady, with thanks, we returned on board. When the goats were handed on deck and released from their bonds, two of them took immediate advantage of their freedom by leaping on to the top of the pigsty, and thence over the rail into the sea, and struck out for the shore. The rest were about to follow their leader, but were promptly secured and passed down to the lower deck, whilst we jumped into the boat and gave chase to the fugitives. They had taken us so much by surprise, however, that they had a good start of us, and were very near the shore before we caught them. Had they once landed, they would have defied pursuit.

There were two American vessels, and the *Fawn*, English whaler, anchored off the village; the latter had a full cargo of oil, and was homeward bound. She sailed on December 1st, and I was very glad of the opportunity of writing home from this out-of-the-way place.

One day our captain, being in the humour for a bit of fun, invited Queen Pomarrè Vahinè, and all the Royal Family, to pay him a visit on board. They were received with a salute of musketry, and escorted

down to the state-room. Here I was instructed to exhibit all our treasures. They took a great fancy to the Jew's-harps, and Peter (he was only known by his Christian name amongst these islands) at once presented one to each of them, and showed the way to use them. Their Royal Highnesses all squatted down with their backs to the bulkhead and their harps at their lips, making all manner of faces in their vain attempts to follow the captain's instructions. Peter meanwhile sat on the table with a large Jew's-harp, and twanged away at some lively Irish jig, whilst the queen, princes, and princesses continually burst into roars of laughter at the sight of each other's grimaces, apparently unconscious that they looked just as absurd themselves. To this day I can never think of the scene without laughing.

We remained three weeks at Otaheite. During this time we fared sumptuously—fresh pork daily, with as much bread-fruit as we pleased. As our "frennies" brought us a great variety of other fruits in abundance, we lived in clover; the oranges especially were the most delicious I had ever eaten, or ever have tasted since in any part of the world. Some casks of very good pork were procured from Captain Henry, a son of one of the missionaries, who had a curing establishment. A ration of this was served out about twice a week when at sea. We also re-

ceived an abundance of bread-fruit with yams, cocoas, etc., which were a welcome substitute for our stale biscuit and flour, so long as they lasted.

On December 6th, sailed for New Zealand, touching at Huahine, Taha, Ulieteā and Aitutakee. A large American ship was lying on the reef at Huahine. She had been into the harbour for provisions, and in working out, it fell calm when she was close over to the reef, and before they could let go the anchor she had drifted upon it. She was half laden with oil, and was sold by auction as she lay. She was purchased by Captain Henry for a mere trifle.

At Aitutakee, a great number of natives came on board the *St. Patrick;* they had all a great desire to see the world, and it was only by enlisting the services of the native missionary, giving him instructions to select two to go with us, that the rest were induced to leave the ship. We then bore up and made sail for the River Thames in New Zealand. Our stay among these lovely islands had been a pleasant episode in my protracted voyage. Nothing that has been written of their beauty can give an adequate idea of the reality; and at this particular time the natives were so friendly, and acted in such a Christian-like manner towards us, that, contrasted with my life on board the ship, it appeared to me like a little heaven upon earth.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Ram home the guns, and sponge them well;
Let us be sure the balls will tell.
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell;
Be steady, boys, be steady."

NOTHING occurred to interrupt the usual routine of duty on board until December 24th, when the north end of the northernmost of the New Zealand isles came in sight. For a week we had to beat down the coast. On the 31st, made Cape Colville, and bore up for the River Thames; ran up about fifty miles, and anchored off Pâroâ, with West Isles about half a mile to seaward. Mr. Ross was sent on shore to open a communication with the natives, but, after traversing along the beach for a couple of hours, he returned without having met with any signs of inhabitants, except a few huts, which appeared to have been lately deserted.

The crew on board were employed unbending the light sails and putting everything in harbour trim.

On our way down, preparations had been made for putting the ship in a proper state of defence. The next two days were occupied in getting all in order for that purpose. An arm-chest was hoisted into each top, containing half a dozen muskets, as many pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and a good supply of ammunition. The two carronades were hauled into the round house; one mounted in each doorway commanded the deck on both sides, in the event of the natives making a rush on board in great numbers. These were loaded with charges of musket-balls and slugs. Inside the round house, the bulkheads were fitted with racks for firearms, cutlasses, axes, and so on. The captain and officers were provided with weapons at hand, so as to be able to rush up on deck, armed, at a moment's notice. The crew were stationed as follows: six hands each in the fore and main tops, four in the mizen-top, six in the round house, and the rest about the main-deck and forecastle. If a host of natives were attempting to board on all sides, the deck hands, after firing their muskets, were to retire to the round house and defend it. A general order to the officer in charge of the deck was that if more than one large canoe came alongside, half the crew were to be kept at the stations; and if a disposition was observed on the part of the natives to create a disturbance, all hands were to be summoned

to quarters at once. In this case, every one was to drop whatever he was about and hasten to his station, seize his musket, and be prepared to act. No one was to fire without orders. It was arranged that Saturday afternoon should be a sort of half-holiday; the crew were to be exercised at quarters and in firing at a bull's eye, three prizes being given to the three best shots, viz. a fig of negro-head tobacco, a glass of brandy, and a gill of molasses.

When the crew were mustered for the first time, the captain asked me if I was a good shot.

"I don't know, sir," I replied; "I never tried."

"What!" exclaimed he. "D'ye mane to say that ye never fired a musket?"

"No, sir, I never did," said I.

With a look of contemptuous astonishment, he said, "What could yer parrints have been thinking of, that they didn't tache ye how to fire a musket?"

Captain Florence proceeded up the river in a whale-boat, provisioned for three days, in search of the natives. He fell in with two of the chiefs whose people had cut spars for him last voyage, and they accompanied him back to the ship. By way of a compliment, they were received with a salute of musketry from the tops, with which they seemed much pleased. They informed Captain Dillon that their tribes had retreated inland for fear of Honghi,

who was endeavouring to overpower them all. This celebrated warrior had been taken to England some years before, where he had been presented to the Prince Regent, who had given him a coat of mail that was musket-ball proof. Many muskets and other weapons had been given him, so that when he returned to New Zealand, he was enabled to supply twice as many of his followers with firearms as any other chiefs could do with theirs. Like a true savage, he determined that he would wage war against all his countrymen till they acknowledged him king, like King George in England. Henacké, one of the chiefs on boards, said they would never be able to keep the field against Honghi unless they obtained more muskets and gunpowder.

"Why, we've come for the very purpose of supplying you," said the captain. "If you will get plenty of your men down, and bring spars off to the ship, I will pay you in muskets and gunpowder."

The chiefs were delighted with the prospect, and it was at once arranged that they should receive one musket, or a proportionate quantity of gunpowder, for every twenty kauri spars they should cut down, strip, raft, and bring off to the ship; the size agreed on to be such as would make lower yards or topmasts for a ship of from five to seven hundred tons.

They hurried back, and returned in a few days,

bringing several more chiefs with their tribes and cookies (slaves), mustering altogether nearly a thousand men—and fine, stout, lithe, and active fellows they were. As they approached the ship, the hands were called to quarters. The chiefs and fifty or sixty of their followers were admitted on board. Ranging themselves in a line fore and aft the deck, they entertained us with a dance of welcome; their feet came down together on the deck with such a clap that it appeared enough to stave it in. They then went on shore, and at once began to cut down kauri trees of the proper size, for which purpose we had supplied them with axes. We might have procured much larger spars if our raft port had been large enough to receive them. Fifty spars, for which the ship had not room last voyage, were lying handy; these were rafted off and stowed away. Some of their canoes were continually employed in bringing food for the timber-cutters and our crew. They supplied us abundantly during our stay, in exchange for gunpowder, which, for convenience of barter, was put into small canvas bags, holding half a pound each. Food was so plentiful and so cheap that the crew had plenty to eat. One purchase may be given as the average rate of barter, viz. eight hogs, none less than 130 pound weight, and about three tons of potatoes—all for one musket. A hog which when cleaned and with-

out the head weighed seventy-five pounds, was bought for half a pound of gunpowder.

The natives worked energetically for some time, and supplied the spars as fast as they could be taken in and stowed. The trees were felled on the side of a steep hill opposite the ship; the boughs being lopped off, they were launched down, and usually came down with such rapidity that friction against the standing trees stripped off the greater part of the bark, and the end struck deep into the sand. The women and children then stripped off the rest of the bark; then all hands dragged the spars down into the water. Twenty, side by side, were secured at either end by a set of iron dogs, one being driven into each spar, with a chain through the eyes connecting the whole. Three or four canoes then towed off the raft and made it fast astern of the ship, when the chief received his musket, and, after satisfying himself of the goodness of the lock, and admiring the brass mountings, would go off delighted with his bargain.

Some benevolent navigator had sown cabbage and other vegetable seeds on West Isles. They were now covered with vegetables, to which we helped ourselves daily for the use of the ship's company. One day a boat's crew were searching for a better watering-place, when they came upon quite a grove of peach trees. The fruit being just ripe, and there being no

one to say nay, they half loaded the boat with them; they were a treat, though not very first-rate fruit. The natives would not touch them, as they were growing on a patch of ground where a renowned warrior had been buried, and everything in the locality was "Tabu."

One part of Captain Dillon's policy was, after exercise at quarters and firing at a mark on Saturday afternoons, to have all the charges of the firearms drawn; they were then rubbed up, reloaded, and replaced in the racks. It was generally so arranged that some of the chiefs should be on board at the time, and witness the operation, by which means they clearly understood that, though on the most friendly terms with them, the officers and crew were always on their guard against treachery.

"Why are you so particular about your muskets, Peter, and these nui-nui bûs (great guns)?" said Henacké, on one of these occasions. "You don't think we should attempt to do you any harm?"

(This rascal had been taken to Valparaiso in the *Calder*, treated most kindly, and sent back in the *St. Patrick*, on her former voyage, loaded with presents. His gratitude was expressed by a deep-laid scheme to seize the ship, which was only frustrated by the firmness and resolution of Captain Florence.)

"Oh no," replied Peter, "I couldn't think that, for

we are all such very good friends; but I must keep a sharp look-out for those villains that murdered the crew of the *Boyd* at Wangaroa. If they should come, you see, we should be prepared to defend ourselves, and would sink all their canoes in no time."

Peter would tell them he felt hurt that they should suppose he had any suspicion of them. By this treatment he kept the natives in good humour, at the same time being always prepared for action. The bell was struck loudly every half-hour during the night, the watch responding "All's well" to each other, so that they might be aware that we were not to be caught napping. They traded very fairly; only on one occasion we found a quantity of stones in the potato-baskets, to enhance their weight.

The loading went on slowly, but without interruption, and the natives never attempted to molest us, till one afternoon when some chiefs from the Bay of Islands came down, with whom the captain was not inclined to be familiar; he therefore gave orders that if they came alongside, they were not to be allowed on board. They did come, and when the sentry at the gangway said they could not be admitted, the haughty chiefs were very indignant. One of them, Boo Marray by name, sprang up the side ladder, and endeavoured to force his way on deck. The sentry held his cutlass across the gangway; the chief seized

hold of it, but dropped it pretty quickly, for being sharpened, it cut across his fingers, and blood was drawn. In his blind exasperation at being wounded, he called out to the other chiefs to paddle away ashore and rouse all the natives to come off and avenge the insult. They did as they were ordered. Meanwhile the sentry threatened to run him through if he advanced a step, and Captain Florence shouted, "All hands to quarters!" The order being promptly obeyed seemed to astonish Boo Marray not a little. He looked round, as if meditating a retreat into his canoe; but she was pulling away in hot haste to summon the people; so there stood the poor chief on the upper round of the ladder, as savage as a bear, yet not daring to stir.

At this juncture, Captain Dillon came up from his cabin, blunderbuss in hand and pistols in his belt. With a hand on the butt, ready to draw a pistol, he coolly walked to the gangway, and feigning surprise at seeing Boo Marray in such a position, saluted him with "Tenee-raku-koi, Ecolo?" (How do you do, my friend?)—at the same time motioning the sentry to allow him to pass.

The chief stepped over on deck, and poured forth his pent-up fury in a storm of complaint at the indignity which had been offered him by the sentry. The captain calmly heard all he had to say; then told

him he was sorry he had been wounded, but the sentry had only obeyed the orders given him. "You should not have attempted to come on board without permission," said he.

While this talk was going on, Peter had artfully "coopered" round the chief, and gained a position between him and the gangway, thereby effectually cutting off his retreat. He then ordered a volley of musketry to be fired from the tops, that Boo Marray might see we were prepared for whatever might turn up.

On hearing that Boo Marray had been wounded on board the ship, the chiefs on shore summoned all their men from work. They pounced upon their arms—muskets, spears, clubs, axes, and any other weapons that came in their way—rushed down to the beach, launched twelve of their canoes, and swiftly paddled off to the ship. There were two or three chiefs or leaders in each canoe, who stood up, balancing themselves on the thwarts, brandishing their weapons, and uttering the most horrible threats. Each canoe had seventy or eighty men in her, in all about nine hundred stark-naked savages, mustering about sixty muskets amongst them. They formed in two lines on our port-quarter, where, finding the crew of the *St. Patrick* at quarters prepared for a stand-up fight, well knowing how we were armed, and that they

might expect a warm reception, they hesitated, and held a council of war as to whether they should take the ship at once, or wait for a more convenient opportunity.

Meanwhile, our captain had pointed out to Boo Marray our means of defence, especially the carronades loaded with bullets and slugs enough to sweep any number of them off the deck; but what more immediately concerned himself was that he was completely in our power. Whilst the natives were holding their council in the canoes, the undaunted Peter Dillon drew a pistol from his belt, and pointing it at Boo Marray, assured him that if they dared even to attempt to come on board, he would shoot him immediately, Not relishing this prospect, Boo Marray stood on the hencoop, and, looking over the hammock-rail, shouted out that he was not much hurt, that it was all a mistake, and that he had made friends with Peter. They listened to him in perfect silence; then the chiefs shouted something to each other, a signal was given, the paddles dashed simultaneously into the water, and the twelve canoes shot up abreast the gangway.

"Don't fire unless they try to board," shouted Dillon, seeing the men in the tops level their muskets. "If they do, blaze away at 'em. Main deck and forecastle, don't fire without orders."

He then repeated his promise to Boo Marray,

who, in a great fright, urged his countrymen not to try it on, telling them what would be his own fate, and that a great number of them would certainly be killed. On our side, every man stood firm at his post. The boatswain, gunner, armourer, and European seamen, who had "fought and conquered o'er and o'er again" under Lord Cochrane, were well-trained and familiar with this sort of work; they faced the danger with cool hardihood, resolved to defend the ship and themselves to the last. The native part of the crew were ready to die for Peter, and hated the New Zealanders. All hands had thorough confidence in their commander and officers, and after the captain had given his orders, we awaited the onset in silence. It was like the old song—

> "Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak;
> Let not a word on board be spoke."

I believe I was the only European in the ship who had never taken part in a fight. My thoughts on the prospect were anything but agreeable, but I was quite satisfied that not a man would flinch from his duty. We all knew that if we fell into the hands of the savages, they would torture us without mercy; so we determined to stand by each other, and, in the event of being overpowered by numbers (about nine hundred against forty being great odds), to sell our lives dearly.

We were held in breathless suspense for about five minutes, when suddenly the whole of the native warriors started to their feet.

"Stand by!" shouted the captain, covering Boo Marray with his pistol.

If one trigger had been pulled at that moment, in all human probability there would have been a bloody battle. Happily, every man had caught the spirit of the master. Every musket was pointed at a foe; the gunner and his crew stood by the carronades, match in hand; but not a shot was fired.

The savages stamped all together from side to side of their canoes, rolling them with a tremendous splash either way, till the gunwales were within two or three inches of the water. They uttered diabolical threats; with frantic gestures and the most hideous contortions of countenance, they yelled out their war-cries. They thrust out their tongues like thirsty dogs (they were indeed thirsting for our blood). Nothing more Satanic could well be conceived. After keeping this up for a few minutes, they paused. Finding that we were not to be intimidated, and that Peter would hold no parley with them, they composed a sort of recitative, the burden of which was that if we had not been prepared to fight them, or if Boo Marray had not been in our power, they would have taken the ship, and would have killed and eaten us all before the

morning. They then dashed their paddles again into the water; many of them fired their muskets ahead as they spun round the bows, and all returned on shore, leaving Boo Marray to his fate.

Peter lowered his pistol, congratulated the chief on his narrow escape, and invited him down to the cabin to feast on cold roast pork and potatoes. The hands were piped down, an unwonted glass of grog was served out, and all were very thankful the enemy had decided that "the better part of valour is discretion," as none of us enjoyed the idea of having "the j'ints of us bespoke for supper by the haythin cannibals."

After Boo Marray had enjoyed his feed, he was shown into a cabin, and told he might go to sleep, a sentry being placed at the door. The anchor watch was doubled that night, and every precaution taken against a surprise; but nothing occurred to disturb us. Next morning, the chief had a good breakfast; he was presented with the cutlass which cut his fingers, and a half-pound bag of gunpowder. He was then told that, as he had been the occasion of the misunderstanding between ourselves and the natives who were working for us, we expected him to go on shore and make up the quarrel; the restoration of friendship to be ratified by the customary interchange of presents.

"Mr. Bayly," said the captain, "get yer boat's crew together, and put Boo Marray ashore."

"Ay, ay, sir," I replied, and in a few minutes we were on our way to the beach. As we approached the shore, no natives were in sight; but they might have been in ambush, and thoughts of boats' crews who had been killed and eaten by these savages flitted across my mind; they could easily have overpowered me and my Otaheitan boat's crew. I sent the chief forward, and, as the boat's nose touched the sand, told him to jump out, at the same time giving the order, "Starn all," to my crew. We were at once afloat again, and with a few strokes of the powerful steer-oar her head was swept round seaward. Providentially no natives appeared; my crew gave way with a will, and I was thankful to reach the ship unpursued.

About an hour after this, the chiefs assembled on the sand opposite the ship, and squatted down in a circle. One of them stood up in the centre and harangued the rest for a time; when he had said his say, another took his place, and thus they kept it up all the forenoon. About one o'clock, Boo Marray returned in his large canoe, accompanied by four of the principal chiefs. They brought a large hog, baked whole, which they presented to the captain; he in return made each of them a present of some gun-

powder. The hog was then cut up, a portion was sent to the crew, and all on board made a feast of reconciliation, during which satisfactory explanations were given and received. When the repast was finished, the chiefs expressed themselves well pleased, and promised that their men should renew their work at the spars on the morrow. Boo Marray landed them, and proceeded to the Bay of Islands. It was a great mercy to have the affair thus peacefully wound up without any loss of life.

## CHAPTER X.

"With steady force, with steady stroke,
The clanking pumps are worked amain,
And, spouting forth, the turbid streams
Rush to the foaming flood again."

MRS. SEWELL.

ALL went on smoothly again until one afternoon, when some large canoes were observed paddling up the river. Some natives on board said they were Honghi's fleet, and left the ship immediately to give the alarm on shore. A rush to the canoes ensued, and the greater part of our workmen paddled away up the river as fast as possible, to defend their homes in case of attack.

A few days afterwards, a large war-canoe came alongside; she was on her return from the marauding expedition. Honghi and his followers had, one night, stealthily surrounded a "pah," in which were about a hundred men, many of whom had families. At daybreak in the morning, the onslaught com-

menced. The poor wretches, taken by surprise and overpowered by numbers, were all killed; the conquerors cut up the bodies and packed the pieces in potato-baskets, and made slaves of all the women and children, a number of whom were in this canoe, which was ballasted with a tier of these baskets fore and aft, containing the mangled remains of their late husbands, fathers, and brothers. With horrible excess of cruelty, these poor women were compelled to crouch down on the baskets, whilst every time they raised their eyes they looked on the preserved heads of their relatives, which, as trophies, were fixed on short sticks, one on the centre of each thwart, fore and aft. We managed to rid ourselves speedily of our savage visitors, without giving them any further provocation than an expression of abhorrent disgust at the ghastly sight. This they did not resent, but paddled away inshore, and at night we saw them abreast of the ship, and heard their ferocious yelling, as they danced round the fires at which they were roasting their cannibal feast. Next morning, they started for the Bay of Islands; in the course of the day, the rest of the fleet passed down the river in the same direction. Our natives said that formerly all the clear land between the Thames and the Bay of Islands had been thickly populated, but through constant war between the tribes, the greater part

of the people had either been killed or had gone away.

Tookoorooa, the principal Thames chief, had tracked the enemy down. After their departure, he came on board and said that if one of our officers would accompany him to Gohoroteu (their largest town), and assure the natives of Honghi's having left the river, they could be persuaded to return to their work for us. He was very anxious to obtain more muskets and gunpowder, and would do all in his power to get the people back. John Mossman, always ripe for a spree, immediately volunteered, and off they started, Tookoorooa engaging to be responsible for our chief officer's safety. They were away ten days, during which our work on board progressed very slowly. When Mossman delivered his message, and was able to assure the assembled chiefs that he had seen Honghi's fleet leaving the river, telling them also that their only chance of getting sufficient muskets and gunpowder to defend themselves against him, if he returned, would be by loading the ship, they promised to bring their people down again. A few days afterwards we were in full swing. Mossman reported that the chiefs vied with one another as to who should treat him with the greatest hospitality.

H.M.S. *Larne* came up the river, and anchored

about a quarter of a mile from the *St. Patrick.* She was in want of some spars. As it would be very much to our captain's disadvantage to have a rival purchaser in the field, he at once paid his respects to Captain Kingcombe, and informed him that he should be happy to supply the *Larne* with spars of the dimensions she required, in exchange for muskets and gunpowder. Captain Kingcombe was, of course, glad to get supplied so expeditiously and with so little trouble. In the course of the next day, we turned out all the spars wanted, and received in payment something more like their relative value than we were giving the natives. At daybreak next morning, H.M.S. *Larne* weighed and sailed away, thereby relieving us of interference with our trade; for the natives would not even sell us any potatoes during the stay of the *Larne*, as they could get better payment from her.

Owing to the various hindrances hitherto, the loading had progressed very slowly; but we had now a strong gang working for us at Long River, as well as opposite our present anchorage.

On March 21st, having shipped all the spars cut down for us at Wyarooa, weighed and proceeded to Long River to fill up. We found one hundred and sixty-six all ready for rafting; fifty or sixty were of the orthodox size, the rest somewhat smaller, and

available for reeving in at last. The whole lot were purchased for fifty-eight pounds of gunpowder and fifteen hatchets. Our stowage was soon complete, and the carpenter secured and caulked in the raft-port. The natives sent off their canoes, which returned on the second day with a plentiful supply of pigs and potatoes, which were all bought for sea-stock.

Tookoorooa's son and another young chief had a great desire to see the world, and having also a profound admiration for "Peter," begged hard to be allowed to go in the ship. Captain Dillon consented to take them. He told them, now they had joined an Irish ship, they must take Irish names; so he dubbed Tookoorooa's son "His Royal Highness Prince Brian Boru," and his companion, "Morgan McMurragh, Esq., Secretary to His Royal Highness." They went by their Christian names during the voyage. They could pull and haul with the best of us, but we could never get them aloft.

On April 6th, sailed for the Bay of Islands, and next day anchored in Korrorareka Bay. We lay twenty days here, making a new pump and two topmasts. I had another chance of writing home, even from this remote corner of the world, by a whaler returning to England with a full cargo. There were also lying here the *Sir George Osborne*,

and another barque bound to the Marquesas Islands on a pearl-fishing expedition. One day, a small canoe, manned by half a dozen natives, was lying alongside, laden with a variety of things which the crew had permission to purchase, when a large war-canoe, passing at a short distance, suddenly altered her course and dashed alongside. The six men clambered up the ship's side, taking refuge on board; the warriors helped themselves to the contents of the small canoe. Not knowing what might happen next, we called the hands to quarters. The activity with which the men reached their stations and were prepared for defence rather startled the chief, who pointed his musket at the foretop. A dozen muskets covered him immediately, and he thought it wise not to pull the trigger. They paddled off again, uttering the usual defiance and threats.

Nearly four months had now passed since our arrival in New Zealand, and it was with great joy that, on April 27th, before daybreak, we tossed the anchor to the bows for the last time at this awful place, and made sail down the estuary. About fifty friends of the young chiefs came on board. As soon as the ship was under weigh, they squatted on their haunches in a line fore and aft the deck, and the "Ehoggè" was duly performed by Brian and Morgan raising each one to his feet in rotation, and saluting

him by rubbing noses together. They commenced aft, and went along the whole line. They all howled piteously, and the tears flowed continuously down their cheeks. As I did not see any onions among them, I am bound to believe the tears were genuine; but such a display of tender feeling seemed to us incongruous in men who could be guilty of such horrible atrocities as we had witnessed. When one also bears in mind their hospitality to our chief officer, their general kindness to our boats' crews, who were constantly going to and fro amongst them unarmed and unmolested, the good faith with which they carried out everything once agreed on in reference to the cargo, the sudden frenzy which appeared to seize them in Boo Marray's case, the equally sudden reconciliation next day, the awful cruelty manifested in the contents of Honghi's canoe, and the cannibal feast ashore, it is evident they are a strange compound, these Maoris.

When the ceremony was over, they jumped into their canoe, and we soon left them astern. Having to beat out against a foul wind, evening had come on before we weathered Cape Brett and stood out to sea, glad of a little respite after the long day's work at rope-hauling. The course was now shaped for Tongataboo and the Fiji Islands, where the captain intended to dispose of the remainder of the "trade,"

in exchange for the beautifully carved weapons, model canoes, and other curiosities, together with a good supply of yams, cocoas, and fruit obtainable there.

Two days after sailing, the wind veered to the eastward, and soon began to blow hard. Towards evening, the weather looked very dirty, and a double reef was taken in the topsails. At eight p.m. the sky partially cleared; the watch turned in and had a comfortable snooze for four hours. Not so the unfortunates who kept the first watch on deck, for just before midnight the gale increased considerably, and all hands were called to close reef the topsails. While this was being done, the mainsheet was carried away, and

"The squall tore her mainsail to shivers;"

for after a few thundering cracks there was nothing of it left but the bolt-ropes. By the time all was made snug, it was past two o'clock, and the watch went below to get two hours' sleep, if they could, as their portion for that night. At daybreak the carpenter sounded the pumps, and, on drawing up the rod, looked quite confounded at seeing the line wet for a couple of feet above it. He rigged the pumps, and said in a cheery tone to the officer of the watch, "She wants pumping out, sir."

He hastened to the galley, dried his rod and line, waited till the ship was steady for a moment, then sounded, and on drawing up the rod again, shook his

head. It was too true, and he reported to the officer, "She's sprung a leak, sir; there's four feet of water in the hold."

Both pumps were set to work, and after two hours' hard labour, at eight a.m., when the watch was relieved, the same depth of water was found in the hold. We had gained nothing on the leak; in fact, it was a case of either pump or go to the bottom.

Three days the gale continued with unabated fury, during which time the pumps were never left; officers and all took their regular spell. Who but those who have had to endure it can imagine the mental and bodily sufferings of the crew in a leaking ship? The incessant, unvarying clank, clank, clank of the pump-brakes, day and night, was terrible to hear, the more so as every one knew that if the leak increased at all, there was small chance of escape; for our boats, with forty men in them, could scarcely live in such a sea. Hardy men, after their spell at the pumps, would cast themselves on the deck so thoroughly exhausted as to fall asleep to the monotonous sound, heedless of the water washing about them, until summoned to take their next spell.

On the fourth day the gale moderated, the sea went down considerably, the strain on the ship was much reduced; she leaked very much less, and in the course of the morning the pumps sucked. With subsequent

fine weather, an expedient was contrived for working the pumps with less manual labour; but for four months, until our arrival in the Hooghly, exactly one-third of every man's time was occupied in pumping—twenty minutes before each hour, day and night, the watch was summoned to pump out the ship.

The visit to Tonga and Fiji was now abandoned, to the great regret of the crew, for by this time the biscuit required hard knocks on the table before the bitter-tasting weevils could be dislodged from their snug quarters; the flour reminded our Scotch boatswain very forcibly of the "auld sang o' the corpse in the kirkyerd, where 'the airthly worrms crept oot an' in,'" and we should much have preferred a good sea-stock of fresh Fiji yams.

A humorous fellow was our stalwart messmate, who had formerly been boatswain of the *O'Higgins*, Lord Cochrane's ship. He always looked on the bright side of the question. He had read much, and had a very retentive memory. When we were on short commons (which was generally three or four days out of the seven), and used to get through our scanty portion for dinner in about five minutes, he would, after a few dry jokes on our present circumstances, say in a cheerful tone, "Weel, dinna fash yer thumb. I'll gie ye a skirrl." Then he would commence with "God prosper long our noble

King," and recite with great spirit the whole of the Battle of Chevy Chase, or some other Border legend, which whiled away the time and kept us from brooding over our troubles. Nearly a month's consumption of the sea-stock procured at the Thames had reduced it considerably, and a large portion of the potatoes was entirely destroyed by the steam from the spars. Nevertheless, dire necessity compelled us to get to the northward, into fine-weather latitudes.

The island of Tucopia lay right in our track, and Captain Dillon determined to touch there, in hopes of getting a supply of yams. Moreover, he was desirous of seeing whether Martin Buchert, who, it may be remembered, had been left there in 1813, was still alive.

On May 13th, 1826, the *St. Patrick* rounded to in the same bay where Buchert had been landed from the *Hunter* thirteen years before. Several canoes were launched as soon as we were seen; the captain eagerly watched them as they approached. When the headmost one drew near, he exclaimed, "There's the Lascar, standing up in the bow." It was not for him, however, that Peter was nervously looking out, but for his old companion in the struggle for life at the Fiji Islands. Soon an excited exclamation escaped him; for at the stern of the third canoe sat Martin Buchert, looking stout and hearty, tattooed and clothed like the natives.

"There's Buchert himself!" cried the captain. "I'm glad to find him alive!" He stood leaning on the capstan, waiting to see if his old shipmates would recognize him. The Lascar was the first to come on board. He came aft towards Dillon, making his salaam as to a stranger; but when the captain spoke to him in his native tongue, a sudden recollection seemed to flash across his mind. He gave a shout, fell on his knees before Peter, and kissed his hands and feet.

By this time Martin Buchert's canoe had come alongside. He stepped over the gangway, apparently pleased to be on board a ship again, though not immediately observing the captain; but when Dillon held out his hand, and said, "Well, Buchert, my old comrade, how are you?" he started. That voice brought the long past to his mind in an instant. He seized Peter's hand in a transport of joy, struggling to pour forth his delight in a mixture of German, French, English, Fijian, and Tucopian, and making such a jumble of the whole that we were obliged to wait till his excitement subsided a little before we could understand a word.

"They seem to have treated you well, Buchert," said the captain; for Martin looked very robust.

Buchert replied that the natives had treated them all very kindly from the first. He taught them so

many useful things that they soon made him a chief, and obliged him, according to the custom of Tucopia, to take to himself three wives. "But," said he, "I have never deserted my Fiji wife, who boldly swam off to the *Hunter*."

I now found myself in company with both the principal actors in the tragedy at Fiji, and was to be associated with them, not in scenes of horror and bloodshed, but in solving a mystery which had puzzled the whole civilized world for nearly forty years. During Martin Buchert's residence at Tucopia, he had become acquainted with circumstances which Dillon at once recognized as of international importance. These will form the subject of my next chapter.

## CHAPTER XI.

"No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

TENNYSON.

WHEN Martin Buchert calmed down a little, he recovered his English sufficiently for us to converse with him. He informed us that no ship touched at Tucopia until he had been on the island twelve years. An English whaler then cruised about the place for a month, during which time he had been employed on board, and received many useful presents from her captain when they put him ashore again.

The Lascar had an old silver sword-guard, suspended by a string round his neck; several of the natives also had ornaments of European manufacture —strings of glass beads, etc.—about them. On our

inquiring of Buchert where they had procured these articles, he said that when he first landed at Tucopia, he saw this sword-guard, the handle of a silver fork, a silver spoon with a crest and cipher on it, a sword, a few knives, some tea-cups, glass beads and bottles, several chain-plates, iron bolts, etc., etc. When he had become acquainted with the language, he learned that the *Hunter* was the first ship the natives had been on board of, and he knew they had not obtained these things from her. On further inquiry, he made out that about two days' sail of their canoes to leeward of Tucopia, there was an island called Mallicolo, the natives of which were in possession of abundance of similar things ; and that, at the proper season of the year, the Tucopians made a trip there, and bartered their own produce for them.

"Bayly," said the captain, "bring up paper, pen, and ink, and note all this down."

When I returned on deck, I found that the Lascar had sold the sword-guard to our armourer for a few tin fish-hooks. As soon as I observed this, I reminded the armourer that, by the articles of agreement, the captain reserved to himself the exclusive right of trading with the natives, and that he would have to give up his purchase. When I said I should give him a jorum of grog for it, he very willingly handed it to me.

With Buchert as interpreter, the Tucopians who had been to Mallicolo were questioned, and from them we managed to elicit the following account of the loss of two large ships on that island. It was subsequently decided that "Vanikoro" is the name of the island.

The Vanikoro natives had informed the Tucopians that a long time before, when their old men were boys, two large ships had been wrecked on their island. They were driven on shore in a terrific hurricane; one at Whanoo, the other at Paiou. The former drove on to a reef of rocks. The natives were much alarmed; having never seen a ship before, they supposed her to be an evil spirit, and determined to drive it away. They assembled in great numbers and attempted to hurl spears and shoot arrows on board, but the violence of the gale, blowing directly on the shore, was so great that these weapons fell harmless into the water before reaching the vessel. Though the crew must have been uninjured, they responded by a broadside from the great guns and a volley of musketry, which killed several of the natives, and obliged the remainder to make a precipitate retreat to the shelter of the woods. Here, from their lair, they watched for a chance of wreaking their vengeance; nor had they long to wait. Too soon the unfortunate navigators found that they had

to contend with an enemy more powerful than the naked savages. The tempest raged with awful fury; the ship was upheaved by the mighty surge, and dashed down again on the coral reef. The masts soon went by the board, killing and knocking overboard many of the hapless crew in their fall. Attempts were made to get on shore, but the boats and their unhappy crews were instantly carried away from the ship, and swamped amid the whirling eddies. When she at last broke up, many succeeded in reaching the shore on parts of the wreck, or by swimming; but they came to land in a most exhausted and defenceless condition. Alas! they had made enemies of those whom, as will be seen in the sequel, they might have made their friends. The exasperated natives rushed from their hiding-place, and, taking advantage of the helpless condition of the seamen, with hideous yells of defiance and revenge, remorselessly slaughtered them as they were hurled on the beach by the roaring waves. Not a soul of that ill-fated crew escaped; they were to a man either drowned in the surf, swallowed by the sharks, or killed by the natives. The demoniac saturnalia which followed were detailed with sickening minuteness by our informant, who heard the story from an old Vanikoran, who had been one of the actors in the tragedy.

The other ship was driven on the sand off Paiou, and though the waves made a clean breach over her, they did not destroy the hull. The natives, under the same superstitious impressions as their neighbours, sent their harmless volley of spears and arrows flying in the direction of the ship. Instead of returning the compliment with guns and musketry, the commander (supposed to have been La Perouse) gave orders for streamers of scarlet and white cloth, strings of beads, and other articles, with which they had been accustomed to trade, to be displayed and waved over the bulwarks. This had the desired effect; the natives left off wasting their spears and arrows, and soon after, the women were observed coming down to the beach to indulge their curiosity by gazing at the strange creature which had been cast on their shores.

This account differs somewhat from that which was afterwards given to Dillon by the natives of Vanikoro, who told him the ship went to pieces on the reef, whereas they told the Tucopian she was wrecked on the sand. As all the heavy articles, such as anchors, guns, etc., were found upon the reef, in all probability they were thrown overboard to lighten the ship when she struck; she would then beat over the reef, float inside it, and drift on the sand off Paiou. All agree that a small vessel was built out of the wreck.

The appearance of the women on the scene was a sure indication that warlike intentions were abandoned. Next day the gale moderated, and, very shortly after, the tempestuous weather was succeeded by the soft, balmy airs usually experienced among these islands.

The natives were invited on board by waving hands and a display of the before-mentioned attractions. A long time, however, elapsed before any one ventured so far, though they showed no symptoms of hostility. At last an old man was induced by his companions to make the attempt. They launched him in a canoe, and the old fellow paddled alongside. There he lay for a long time, in great trepidation, not venturing to climb up and place himself in the power of the strangers. At last, reassured by the evident desire of those on board to be friendly, and his cupidity excited to the utmost by the hope of obtaining for himself the piece of scarlet cloth which was waving over his head, he clambered up the ship's side and stood on the gangway. The untutored savage gazed with astonishment on all he saw. The coveted piece of scarlet cloth and other gifts were presented to him, and presently afterwards he put them into his canoe and paddled away on shore, where he was at once surrounded by his wondering countrymen. He showed them his treasures, and

told them what he had seen. Encouraged by his experience, several rushed down to the water-side, launched their canoes, and in a few minutes were on the ship's deck, dancing with delight at the presents they received. Mutual confidence was thus established, and after a few days of friendly intercourse, arrangements were made for the whole crew to take up their quarters on shore.

A strong party first landed, and selected a spot within range of the ship's guns, where in due time dwellings were erected, and the place put in a proper state of defence, in case of need. The natives assisted the crew, and supplied them with yams and fruit. The ship had received so much damage, that she could not possibly be repaired. All the stores were therefore landed and stowed away; spars, rigging, and everything movable followed. Then they broke up the ship, and, with the help of the natives, conveyed all the timber, planks, bolts, etc., to their establishment. They next built a small vessel out of the wreck, which in due time was launched and rigged. A portion of the stores was shipped, and a quantity of yams and bread-fruit obtained from the natives. When all was ready for sea, as many as could conveniently embark on board the little craft took leave of their comrades, and sailed away, promising to charter a vessel to proceed

to Vanikoro, and bring away those who were left behind. But, alas! she never arrived at her destination, wherever that might have been; and what became of her and the people on board has never transpired. It is supposed she must have struck upon one of the innumerable coral reefs, and that all hands perished. Their shipmates left at Vanikoro anxiously looked out for their return in vain, and had at last to make up their minds to spend the remainder of their days on the island. They lived on terms of friendship with the natives, and, after many years of hopeless regret, died, one after another, until, about six or eight months before the arrival of the *St. Patrick* at Tucopia, our informant had seen two white men at Vanikoro, who were the only survivors of the crew.

Having obtained this information, and purchased all the articles of European manufacture which the Tucopians had about them, Captain Dillon determined, if possible, to obtain more particulars about the wrecks and the two seamen said to be still living. With this end in view, he resolved to steer for Vanikoro, and persuaded Buchert and the Tucopian *voyageur* to accompany us as interpreters. The only two large vessels which were known to have been missing in this part of the world were *La Bussole* and *L'Astrolabe*.

After bearing away from Tucopia, and shaping the course for Vanikoro, "Bayly," said the captain, "come down into the cabin, and let us examine this sword-guard."

There were three engravings on the reverse side of it. I fetched the magnifying glass. The first two engravings were easily made out. The first was a capital P, with a cross over it; the second, $\frac{W\ F}{W}$; the third was a monogram, and we were a long time before we came to a conclusion as to what the letters were. At last we clearly made them out to be four capitals, J. F. G. P.

"Jean François Galaup de la Perouse!" exclaimed Dillon, jumping up in ecstasy. He saw before him an earnest that the dream of his life was about to be realized; it was, in fact, the guard of La Perouse's own sword. A clue was thus beginning to unwind which eventually led to a thorough clearing up of the mystery which had for so long a time shrouded the melancholy fate of that distinguished navigator and his ships. On what apparent trifles the most important results may depend! If I had not happened to see the sword-guard in the hands of our armourer and obtained possession of it, he would have bartered it away at the first grog-shop he entered at Calcutta, and in all probability it would

have gone into the melting-pot as old silver. In the hands of Peter Dillon, it proved to be the means of setting at rest the question as to what had become of the long-lost expedition, and of obtaining for himself the reward offered by the French Government; but of this more hereafter.

It was not until the second day after leaving Tucopia that we sighted Vanikoro, and when we were within six or seven miles of it, the wind fell light, and very soon it became calm. At noon we made the island, in lat. 11° 41′ S., long. 167° 55′ E. This weather continued for several days; but though we were so near the island, no canoes came off. When a breeze sprang up again, our condition—being very short of water and provisions, and the ship making twenty inches of water per hour—together with the anxiety of the captain to be the first to communicate the intelligence of his discovery to the French Government, induced him to bear away for Santa Cruz (the island where the lamented Bishop Patteson was murdered a few years ago), off which we arrived on the following morning.

About noon, spied several canoes paddling towards the ship; so we backed the mainyard to allow them to come up. In an hour's time, we were surrounded by about a hundred of them. The captain made signs of peace by breaking an arrow over his head,

and pouring water on his head, which they seemed perfectly to understand. They each had a few cocoa-nuts, which, with their bows and arrows, lay on a small rattan platform, between the canoe and its outrigger. The Tucopian informed us that their arrows were poisoned, and that any one wounded by them would die in great agony in three or four days. They now, however, seemed to be quite peaceably inclined, and fish-hooks and iron tools were exchanged for their cocoa-nuts; two or three disposed of their bows and arrows. They had woolly hair, and many of them had dyed it of different colours. None of them could be induced to come on board; but once, on looking aft, we observed a man slily climbing up to the quarter-boat, whither he had been attracted by a white shirt hanging on the topping lift. He was left undisturbed till he took hold of the shirt and gave it a tug. Being rather aged, it rent with a loud crack; and the mate advancing a step towards him at the same moment, he was so frightened that he fell backwards into the water, and swam to his canoe.

The Tucopian made friends with one of them, and went on shore, with instructions to get to Vanikoro as soon as he could, to find out the two white men, and tell them that a ship would shortly call and take them to their native land. The *St. Patrick*

was hove to for the night between Santa Cruz and a volcanic island which threw an enormous body of fire to a great height, whilst a stream of glowing lava poured down the sides of the mountain. A strong contrary current prevented our gaining the port where there was a chance of obtaining water, so the ship was again put before the wind, and we made the best of our way to Gower's Harbour, in New Ireland. Some natives came off to us from Bourgainville's Island and Bouka in canoes of very handsome workmanship; they bartered a quantity of cocoa-nuts for fish-hooks, etc. After staying about an hour, they paddled away again, singing a song not unlike that of the Javanese boatman.

The ship lay becalmed for another week off the north end of Bouka, and, owing to light baffling winds, we did not reach Gower's Harbour till June 9th. Ran in through a narrow passage, of which there are two, formed by an island, extending across the bay, and came to with the stream-anchor in fifty fathoms of water, as smooth as a millpond, beautifully clear, and the harbour perfectly land-locked. A large canoe followed us in, and, when the ship was brought up, came alongside. The natives in her were jet-black and stark naked. We bartered with them for the few cocoa-nuts they had, and they left us, making signs that they would come again next day.

The carpenter and his mate were set to caulk round the bows, and Mr. Ross was despatched in search of a watering-place, while the crew prepared the water-casks for filling. Excellent water was found in abundance, in a deep pool about twenty fathoms above high-water mark. It was surrounded and over-arched by magnificent trees.

The launch was sent with a load of water-casks, and in the course of the next two days our wooding and watering were completed. Martin Buchert, who had consented at Tucopia to accompany us to Calcutta, proved an expert diver, and brought up a number of beautiful shells from a depth of five or six fathoms. The fish in them were hooked and hung to the rail by a piece of twine; in a short time, the fish relaxes its hold, and the shell falls down into sand which is spread on the deck to prevent its getting bruised or broken. By this means the shell retains its original polish for ever (I have many of them now, looking as bright as when they came out of the water), whereas if the fish dies in the shell, the lustre vanishes and can never be restored.

Several canoes came in on the second day, bringing turtle's eggs, bread-fruit, tortoise-shell fish-hooks, and other curiosities, for which we bartered the usual articles of trade. Several of the natives ventured on board after disposing of their wares. They were

perfectly free from all encumbrance in the shape of clothing, and were allowed to strut about in naked majesty, unsuspected of any attempt at pilfering, as they could not well conceal a stolen article. They expressed no astonishment at what they saw. After a time, they appeared to be tired of wandering about, and mounted on the hencoops, where they squatted on their heels, all in a row.

About noon, Mr. Ross looked in the binnacle to see if it was twelve o'clock. He was surprised to find no watch hanging there, and, hearing I had not removed it, reported the case to the captain, who said, "Don't appear to notice the loss, but look about amongst the natives," though it seemed ridiculous to suspect them.

The only one who had any means of concealment about him was an old man, with a basket made of cocoa-nut leaf hanging from his neck. Ross lifted it off, and setting it down on the hencoop, took out its contents until he came, as he thought, to the bottom of the basket. Seeing nothing of the watch, he began replacing the articles, when he dropped something on the deck. In stooping to pick it up, his ear came close to the basket for two or three seconds, and he thought he heard the watch tick. He took hold of the basket again, and found the watch was actually there; for the old man had ingeniously concealed it

under a false bottom of the same sort of leaf. Captain Dillon, who was standing close by, laid hold of him by the arm; the rest of them disappeared over the rail, dived into the water like a shoal of porpoises, and swam to their canoes. One young man (whom we supposed to be the old man's son) alone remained. The captain ordered the carpenter to bring his axe aft.

"Now," said he, "put on as ferocious a look as you can; lift your axe high, and make believe you are about to split him in two."

The young native who had stayed on deck dropped on his knees, and pleaded for the old one. After giving him "plenty fright," he was released, sent into the canoe, and not allowed to return. To our surprise, the rest came on board again. They were allowed to remain, until one of them attempted to steal a chisel, when they were all sent into their canoes; they paddled away, and we saw no more of them. Amongst the curious things we obtained from them were several pairs of enormous shells (*Tridacnæ*); some of them weighed nearly two hundred pounds, and the fish taken out of one pair weighed upwards of seventy pounds.

One afternoon, whilst I was noting down the occurrences of the past few days from the captain's dictation as he paced to and fro in the cabin, there

came a sharp knock at the door. In reply to the captain's "Come in," Mr. Mossman bounced in, and in a state of great excitement said, "I can't be responsible for the safety of the foremast, sir. Captain Florence has ordered the forestay to be let go without getting up a tackle to steady the mast."

Now, Second Captain Florence held a very anomalous position on board. If he gave orders about any work in hand, he interfered with the chief mate's duty; if he left it alone, he appeared to Captain Dillon to be taking no interest in the management of the vessel—the result being that he was scarcely on speaking terms with either of them. On the present occasion he considered, from the fact of the ship being in a secure harbour, with a dead calm, and water perfectly smooth, that the usual precaution which Mossman would have adopted was unnecessary. An altercation had ensued, which quickly ripened into a downright quarrel. Mossman's formal complaint to the captain did not mend matters. As he was returning on deck, Captain Dillon shouted, "Qui hai? Florence, Sahib belaoo."

"Achar, Sahib;" and away flew the Kitmurghar, almost knocking down Captain Florence, who was awaiting the summons at the top of the companion-stairs. On his entering the cabin, Peter at once taxed him with unseaman-like conduct—an accusation which

he repelled with much warmth, claiming to be as good and thorough a seaman as Dillon himself.

"Comparisons are odious," especially when they become personal. Peter was not the man to put up with an answer from any one, and instantly flew into a violent passion. In proportion as he waxed hot, Florence became calm, and replied with stinging sarcasm to the torrent of abuse which the captain poured forth upon him. This worked up Peter's wrath to the boiling point. He whipped his handkerchief out of his pocket, and holding it out at arm's length towards Florence, roared out, "Take hold of the other corner, sir, and I'll fight ye across the table. Bayly, hand here the pistols."

"Oh no, sir," replied Florence calmly. "You would shoot me before I had a chance of raising the pistol; or if I shot you, I should be hung for mutiny."

I had risen from my seat and stood with my back against the bed-place, between Dillon and his pistols, which hung on the rack against the bulkhead; and having no desire to be accessory to their killing one another, I did not stir.

Roused to a transport of fury by Florence's insinuations, Peter made a bound towards the bed-place, seized me by the shoulder and hurled me on one side, caught up a dagger-stick, which lay at the

side of his bed, "quite convanient," and whirled it round on a level with Florence's head. Whether in his rage he had forgotten the dagger, I do not know, but it flew out, and the point laid open a gash right across the second captain's forehead. I was horror-struck, for the blood spurted out, and I thought at first poor Florence was done for; but, providentially, the wound was not deep enough to prove fatal. Clapping his handkerchief to his forehead, Florence staggered out of the cabin, saying, "You shall hear of this when we get to Calcutta."

I was devoutly thankful when I heard him speak. Peter's wrath subsided at once on witnessing the effects of his violence. Dropping the dagger-stick, he rushed to the medicine-chest, and tore out a quantity of dressing and plaister, with which, and an expression of regret, he despatched me to the assistance of the wounded officer. After some time, the blood staunched; but Captain Florence vowed vengeance against Captain Dillon, who, however, seemed to care very little for his threats.

## CHAPTER XII.

"The will made subject to a lawless force,
All is irregular and out of course ;
And Judgment drunk, and bribed to lose his way,
Winks hard, and talks of darkness at noonday."

COWPER.

THE story of Dillon's escape at the Fiji Islands, as related to me by him, had appeared to me so marvellous that I could not help thinking he had been romancing a little. I was therefore glad of the ample opportunity of hearing Buchert's version of the affair in the course of our tedious passage to Calcutta. He told me the whole story several times over, being never tired of repeating it, and his account agreed with Dillon's in every particular, except that he added many details respecting Peter's own heroism which he himself had not mentioned.

Buchert also gave me an account of some of the manners and customs of the Tucopians at that time. Theirs is a beautiful island, only about seven miles

in circumference. One high mountain slopes gradually up to a peak from a little way inland, and is covered with trees to its very summit. There was one principal chief on the island, with four subordinates, who governed by a regular code of laws, to which the natives were generally obedient. The inhabitants were numerous, in proportion to the quantity of land available for cultivation. The number of women far exceeded that of the men, owing to a murderous law enforced in order to prevent any great increase of population. No man was allowed to be the father of more than two sons; if any more came, they were strangled; but all the female children were allowed to live. Their food consisted principally of yams and other vegetables, and fruit; they never tasted animal food, and very seldom even fish. They believed that a spirit inhabited a large house they had built for him in their village, and whenever a thunderstorm came on, they thought it was occasioned by this spirit being angry, and going up to the top of the mountain to pour forth his wrath. They hid themselves till the storm was over; meanwhile, the priest was offering prayers, and as soon as the sky was clear again, the people flocked to the spirit-house to present their sacrifices.

The first ship that touched at the island was believed to be an evil spirit come to destroy them,

and when a boat's crew attempted to land, the natives so determinately opposed them that they returned to their vessel, which immediately sailed away. Some time after this, a canoe, which had been blown away from an island about four hundred miles distant, during a gale, arrived at Tucopia. The unfortunate occupants were almost starved. They were received kindly; food was given them, and they soon recovered and remained on the island. When they heard of the Tucopians repulsing the boat's crew, they told them that ships frequently visited their own island, and undeceived their benefactors as to the character of ships and seamen; so when the next ship, the *Hunter* (of which Dillon was then chief officer), arrived, the islanders went alongside, bartered their yams and fruit for tools, fish-hooks, and cloth, and, as we have already seen, promised to be friendly to Buchert and the Lascar, who wished to take up their abode with them.

On June 16th, at daybreak, we hove up the anchor, made sail out of Gower's Harbour, and steered for the coast of New Guinea, which, through light airs and calms, we did not make till the 24th. Ever since leaving Tucopia, the weather had been so often calm, or the winds so light, that the *St. Patrick's* progress had been very slow; and what with the shortness of provisions and the incessant labour at

the pumps, all hands became extremely impatient to get to the end of the voyage. One of the methods devised by Captain Dillon for relieving the tedium of this detention, and at the same time securing a market for a portion of the trade which he had expected to dispose of at the Fijis, was the institution of a series of raffles, with "all prizes and no blanks." Saturday afternoon was always allowed as a half-holiday for the crew to wash and mend; occasionally a raffle was announced to take place on that day. The crew were invited to subscribe their three or four dollars each, with a promise that they should have an opportunity of getting rid of their winnings at the island of Bouroo, where the *St. Patrick* would touch for provisions and stock, and to repair damages. The terms of the raffle were written out at the head of a sheet of foolscap; then followed "Names of the gentlemen subscribing." There were always six or eight capital prizes; after these were named, it was stated that whoever should be so unfortunate as not to win any one of these should be entitled to a glass of grog and half a pound of tobacco.

On these occasions, Peter became a very pattern of urbanity. He had a set of manners to put on when he pleased, which *pro tem.* seemed to put every one around him at ease. He would freely pass his

jokes, and his Irish wit produced many a hearty laugh amongst the seamen. Any one looking on might have supposed he was hail-fellow-well-met with them; but no one ever presumed to attempt the least familiarity with him. The afternoon's amusement formed such a contrast to the usual rough routine, that the crew seemed to subscribe cheerfully for the sake of obtaining it. When the list of subscribers was filled up, Peter would take his seat upon one of the hencoops on the quarter-deck, and order an empty hogshead to be up-ended before him. On it were placed the dice and boxes. As the men were coming aft to take their throw, Peter rattled the dice about, and called out, "Come on, come on, my lads; I'll lead ye to fortune!" Two of the most valuable prizes thus raffled for were a gold watch and the jolly-boat, the latter to be delivered at Calcutta, where, eventually, the winner sold it. A few days after the watch was won, it mysteriously disappeared. The winner was highly indignant; the captain was in a great rage, and offered fifty dollars to any one discovering the culprit who stole it. The thief, however, was never found out, and we supposed that he had dropped it overboard at the first outcry.

Week after week we dragged our weary course along, and on July 3rd anchored, during a calm, between two low, sandy islands, Whyang and Syang.

In the evening, Mossman pulled ashore on Syang, and succeeded in capturing a large turtle and collecting a quantity of eggs, with which he returned on board at midnight. The turtle weighed two hundred and sixty pounds. On hearing the joyful news, the whole crew at once turned out to have a meal of fresh meat; and no wonder, for the salt beef served out was frequently not eatable. The cook had the galley fire blazing in no time; the turtle was slain, steaks were soon fizzing away on the gridiron, and eggs in the pan. We regaled ourselves to our heart's content, and then the watch below turned in again. A remarkable instance of tenacity of life was afforded by the heart of the turtle, which had been thrown aside when the creature was killed, and was still pulsating seven hours afterwards. With daybreak a breeze sprung up; the anchor was weighed, and we proceeded on the voyage, pumping with renewed vigour after our unwonted midnight feast on turtle-steaks and omelets.

On July 11th we anchored in the outer roadstead of Cajeli Bay, in the island of Bouroo. Captain Dillon went on shore to obtain the governor's permission for the ship to proceed to the inner anchorage, for the purpose of refitting and getting a supply of provisions and sea-stock. When the governor understood that we were under Chilian colours, he said

he could not allow any foreign vessel to enter the harbour, therefore refused his consent to the request, and told the captain he must return on board at once and take his departure. Now, nothing was further from Dillon's intentions than this; so he skilfully pleaded our necessitous condition, and with his usual tact managed to overcome the governor's scruples, till eventually, on the plea of distress, the required permission was granted, with liberty to trade. So the anchor was weighed; we steered for the inner anchorage, and brought up within three cables' length of the shore.

An active barter at once commenced. A Chinaman, who was reported to be the wealthiest man on the island, was the proprietor of a store, where anything in reason might be purchased at fair prices; he was also ready to supply any quantity of rice, pigs, fowls, yams, fruits, etc., in exchange for the iron tools, etc., of which our trade consisted. He purchased all, paying in rupees for the balance; so the captain had reason to be well pleased with the wind-up of his trading, as everything realized a good price. Not so the poor sailors.

Dillon's purchases being completed, they had leave to send a man from each mess to trade for the rest with their raffle-winnings.

Two Scotchmen, named Thomson and Cochrane,

whom their messmates thought they could thoroughly trust, were selected, and furnished with a list of what they were to buy. They had a large quantity of carpenter's tools, and a miscellaneous assortment of articles, which had come to them as prizes. Tinghai met them as they landed, and having agreed to buy from and barter with them, the "trade" was at once conveyed up to the store. As a preliminary to bargaining, which was but dry work, they thought, Tinghai offered them a glass of grog each, which they readily accepted. The barter at first proceeded briskly, and they sent back by the boat a quantity of fowls, yams and fruit, paddy and parrots. Some axes were sold for thirty rupees, and Thomson put the money in his hat. The wily Celestial plied them with grog. After a time they became tired of trading, and started off for a ramble about the town, accompanied by a troop of young Bourooans, who were astonished at the capers they were cutting. As they were returning to the store, Thomson bought three tame parrots, and walked along with one perched on each shoulder and one on his hat. Walking about in the sun had made them thirsty, so Tinghai treated them to some more grog. By this time they had imbibed as much as they could well carry, and were perfectly oblivious of the still unbartered remnant of their trade, which

was lying in the store. Presently some misunderstanding took place between the two men; high words ensued, and Thomson rushed out of the store in a rage, challenging Cochrane to fight. He tore off his jacket and dashed it on the ground, killing the two pretty little parrots; he whipped off his hat, and, whirling it away from him, scattered the thirty rupees in all directions. The crowd of native boys darted upon them, shrieking and hallooing and rolling each other over and over in the dust in the universal scramble for the treasure, which was no sooner secured than they scampered away, getting clear off with the whole of the booty. Thomson was in such a passion that he took no notice of them.

Cochrane, of course, accepted the challenge, and at it they went, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. They mauled and fell about over each other, without doing much damage, until they were both heartily tired. All at once they stopped, and stared at one another. Said Thomson to Cochrane, "What have we been fighting about, messmate?"

"I don't know," replied Cochrane.

"Well, I'm sure I don't," said Thomson; "so here's my hand, my hearty. Let's go in and have a glass of grog."

So they went into the store again. Tinghai did not care to remind them that there was any more

trade to be done; he allowed them to have as much grog as they pleased, and the remnant of their messmates' winnings lay neglected in the corner. When the boat went ashore for them, their shipmates helped them to stagger down to the beach, and bundled them into the boat with the rest of their purchases. They attempted to sing, "We are na fou," but they were too far gone, and had to be ignominiously hauled up the ship's side and carried to their bunks. When they became sober, they could give but a "Flemish account" of a considerable portion of the trade wherewith they had been entrusted, or the money they had received. The disgust of the poor fellows who had thus lost the produce of their hard-earned wages by the folly of their two shipmates may be imagined; but there was no help for it, and all that could be shown for the value of some hundreds of dollars was the load of fowls, etc., etc., which was sent off while the messengers were still sober. It was not every day that Tinghai made such a haul.

Amongst the captain's purchases were several cases of the celebrated Cajeput oil, which is prepared at this island; the vapour of it is so powerful as fairly to take away your breath, if your mouth happens to come over the package containing it. The parrots were of varied and beautiful plumage;

but out of the large number brought on board, only one lived to reach Calcutta. Jack said they made capital sea-pie.

Captain Dillon had a farewell dinner with the governor, and returned on board about nine p.m. He left orders to get under weigh at daybreak, and retired to his cabin. We soon followed his example, leaving Mr. Ross, who had the anchor watch, in charge of the deck. About an hour afterwards, I was suddenly roused from profound sleep by the report of pistol-shots and the smashing of glass. I jumped out of bed, whipped on my trousers, and was just running out of my cabin, when, with a tremendous crash, down came the captain's cabin door and the next one to it, and out bolted the captain, with nothing on but his blunderbuss. He strode up the companion-ladder, rushed aft, and fired over the taff-rail. I followed him on deck, and found the second mate in great astonishment at all the hubbub. I inquired of him what was the matter? He replied that he did not know. We were, however, not long left in doubt, for Peter came forward and let fly a volley of abuse at him for not reporting a proa, which had just passed. This proa was starting on a marketing cruise, and, according to custom, the crew had been invoking the protection of their god by beating tom-toms and chanting. Mr. Ross had

observed them passing at some little distance, and as they were not in any way interfering with the ship, he never dreamed of reporting her.

Now, the captain, on going to his cabin, stripped, as was customary with him in hot weather, and wound a sheet round his waist, tucking in the corners to keep it in place. Finding something amiss with the lock of his cabin door, he lashed it well fast with twine, and turned in. The noise made by the people in the proa set him dreaming that the ship was attacked by natives. He leaped out of bed, seized his pistols, and fired them off through the stern windows, shivering the glass to atoms; then, throwing them on the bed, he snatched up his blunderbuss, and was about to unlock the door, when he recollected that he had lashed it fast. Under the impression that there was not a moment to be lost, he stepped to the other side of the cabin, and, making a rush across, threw his whole weight against the door. In the scraffle, the sheet came undone and dropped on the floor; the door came down by the run, and out shot Peter over the débris *in puris naturalibus*, fully prepared to meet any enemy he might encounter. The blunderbuss had been loaded with a double charge, and his fingers were much lacerated in firing it off. He was awfully savage, and summoned all the officers below. Meanwhile,

his servant had brought him the sheet, and put lights in the cabin. He called for the logbook, and, taking a seat, with nothing on but his improvised garment, dictated a charge of neglect of duty against the second mate, which was duly entered, and he was placed under arrest. The carpenter fixed the door up for the night, and, peace being restored, we all turned in again.

At daybreak the captain sent for Mr. Ross, reinstated him, and sent him to sound along that part of the bay towards which we were standing, with instructions that if he found ten fathoms, one oar was to be held up; if he found twenty, two oars, and so on. Now it so happened that there was no bottom at thirty fathoms, so no oars were held up, at which Peter was very wroth. However, the wind veered so that the ship laid her course out of the bay. The captain would not wait for the boat, but hove to in the offing, and the boat's crew had a pull of four or five miles before they reached the vessel. As she was pulling up under the stern, Dillon stood on the round house, musket in hand. He pointed it at poor Ross, and, with a bitter curse, roared out, "It's not my good will, it's only the law that prevents me from shooting you!"

Since we had been amongst the islands, these displays of tyrannical violence had been so frequent

that we lived in constant expectation of some fearful outbreak. I came in for a share of it, though not to such an extent as the others. Until we arrived at Otaheite, Dillon had generally treated me with something like kindness; but since that time, whether it arose from the impossibility of any appeal from his despotism, or from "bowsing up his jib" more frequently, or from whatever cause it may have happened, he often gave way to such unbridled temper that, for the time being, it was perfect misery to have anything to do with him. Three times he threatened to blow out my brains for some trivial thing, such as not being able to find a paper which he himself had mislaid. At last, one morning, a short time after the last-mentioned outbreak, he had been bullying me to such an extent that I entirely forgot some order he gave me, even before I reached the deck. Reckless of consequences, I returned to the cabin, and in desperation sat down opposite him. I suppose I looked woe-begone, for I was weak from semi-starvation and all this ill-treatment. I looked straight at him, and said, "Captain Dillon, if you continue to act towards me as you have for some months past, I feel that I shall very soon lose my senses. I have not the least notion of what you told me to do just now. I have served you faithfully, and have done nothing to deserve such treat-

ment. When you received me kindly, at the time I joined the *Calder*, I felt grateful to you, for I hadn't any friends in Sydney; and if you had continued to treat me kindly, I should gladly have looked up to you as to a father; but if you go on this way, I shall never live to see Calcutta."

He appeared to be quite taken aback, as if he were not aware of the misery his conduct had caused me. He took no offence at my speaking in this strain, but quietly repeated the order he had given me before. I expect he also began to consider what might be the consequence of his outrageous conduct to other officers, whom he had subjected to personal violence; at any rate, from this time until we reached Calcutta we had no more such exhibitions of fury on his part, and there was much more peace and quietness amongst the crew.

On July 30th we sailed through the Ombaye passage into the open sea, but not until August 26th did we reach the Sand Heads. On that day "The pilot brig right ahead" was reported by the look-out, and we rejoiced in the prospect of a speedy termination to our long voyage. The crew little thought that, through the strength of the freshets and sundry hindrances, it would be tediously prolonged for another month. When we came up with the pilot brig, under our Chilian colours, which had never

been seen in the Indian seas before, the pilot in turn at first refused to come on board, and it was only after much altercation with the captain that he at last took charge. Next day we experienced one of those curious incidents which frequently occur in the river Hooghly during the south-west monsoon. The ship was running up under all the canvas we could crowd upon her, and making five or six knots, when just as we neared the Gaspar buoy she suddenly stopped, and could not be sheered from her position, even though the helm was put hard over, first one way, then the other; so the pilot sang out in one breath, to the sailors, "Let go the anchor," and to his servant, "Qui hi! Cheroot lao. Brandy pawnee lao!"

Here we lay for several hours, when she began to go ahead of her anchor. We hove short, but in breaking the anchor out of the ground the cable parted, and the anchor was lost. While at anchor, there was a thick haze for three or four feet above the water, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear above that. I was looking ahead, when a semblance of a dozen black footballs, leaping up above the haze and as suddenly disappearing, came in sight. After this effect had been repeated three or four times, I heard the creaking of coir-bound oars, and men's voices, and soon discovered that the appari-

tion was occasioned by the disc ends of the oars of a couple of tow-boats. The rowers depress the loom of the oars much, after pulling a stroke, with a corresponding elevation of the outer end; and hence the curious appearance. The tow-boat wallahs had seen the mastheads of the ship, though they could not see the hull, and were soon alongside, and engaged for the passage up the river. When the cable parted, the old ship started ahead as if there had never been any impediment; the cable was hove in, and in the evening we anchored in Saugor Roads.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"But oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return."

SOUTHEY.

NEXT morning it was perfectly calm. Captain Dillon, being anxious to report his discovery as soon as possible, determined to proceed to Calcutta in one of the tow-boats, and told me to get ready to accompany him, an order which I was delighted to obey. We left the ship at one p.m. The boat-wallahs had rigged a bit of an awning over the after-part of the boat, but it was very far from comfortable. A couple of stools formed all our furniture; there was no table, no bed, no space.

We now witnessed the extraordinary endurance of these tow-boat wallahs. Without being at all urged, they pulled away all through the night and the following day, only stopping four times for "Khaunah" (meals). The crew were ten in number; one

in turn always resting and smoking, so there were eight rowing and one steering. About six o'clock p.m. of the second day, we anchored the boat for the night, about six miles below Fultah, the crew having pulled against a strong freshet the whole distance, except where they could get the chance of tracking by a path along the bank of the river.

"We'll have dinner now," said the captain. I took out the basket in which the steward had put a pair of fowls nicely roasted. On taking them out, the birds were found all alive with swarms of insects, and were at once consigned to the river. Being pretty sharp set, we borrowed a little rice from the boatmen, made a virtue of necessity, and turned in on the stern-sheets. What with the cockroaches, the mosquitoes, and an occasional howl from a prowling troop of jackals, we roused out at daybreak very stiff, unrefreshed, and very hungry. By the promise of a rupee "backshish," our crew brought us up to Fultah by eight o'clock, where, at the hotel, we were provided with a substantial breakfast, to which we did ample justice. The crew were allowed three hours' rest, and started again at eleven o'clock. The freshets increased in force as we advanced up. For ten hours more did these long-enduring boat-wallahs "sigh as they tugged at the oar," and about nine p.m. we anchored off Budge Budge.

Here an old friend of Captain Dillon gave us an excellent supper and the latest news. We gave our boat's crew a couple of hours' rest; then we made another start, and at three p.m. pulled alongside a country ship moored off Colvins Ghaut, the chief officer of which hospitably extemporized a couple of beds for us. The mosquitoes, however, made such a vigorous attack upon me, that I was glad to get out and walk on deck until the bobagee was roused out and made us some chocolate; after which we went ashore, a little before daybreak.

The captain said he would go and call upon a friend, and send for me presently; so I was left to my meditations under an archway on the strand. Perfect stillness reigned around, and a feeling of intense solitude came stealing over me, but it was mingled with one of thankfulness that I was at last not far from friends. I had been waiting about ten minutes when the silence was broken by the firing of the morning gun, and in a few minutes it was broad daylight. I stood amazed at the sudden transition from utter quietness to the full bustle of active life, both on shore and on the river; it appeared as if thousands of natives had suddenly sprung into existence, and were roving and rowing in every direction. The waiting hour soon passed by, whilst looking on this (to me) novel scene; then

came a bearer, and beckoned me to follow him. I was soon indulging in the luxury of a bath, and after that a sumptuous breakfast. I then had leave to visit my cousins for a couple of hours, a bearer being sent with me to show me the way. As we went up the stairs, I must confess I thought my appearance was something like that of the prodigal son, only for the good bath I had enjoyed; but I knew that my welcome would be none the less hearty for that—no more it was.

"Why, George, my boy, we were afraid by the letters from home that we should never see you again."

"I was almost afraid, once, that I might have come to a clew-up in a Maori oven," I replied; "but, thank God, I came away safe, and here I am. What's the last news?"

They gave me a packet of home letters, and, while I devoured their contents, sent for a durgee at once to take my measure, so as to have a kit ready for me as soon as possible. It seemed like a beautiful dream to be again in company with those I loved like brothers. All too soon it came to an end, for I had to start for the ship after an early tiffin, and my next experience was a tough battle with the boatmen, who, for fear of losing caste, flatly refused to take into the boat a couple of pigs, which the captain had purchased among other stores at Budge Budge. Knowing how badly off the ship's company were for decent food,

I was greatly concerned, and determined not to go away without the pigs. I appealed to the captain's good friend, who, by great persuasion in the shape of backshish, overcame the men's scruples so far as to induce them to allow the soor-wallahs to place the animals, bound, in the bow of the boat, so that they should not be obliged to touch them themselves.

I found the ship at Diamond Harbour, and was heartily welcomed by the crew, who were well-nigh worn out by the constant labour of anchoring, weighing anchor, and trimming sails, in addition to that of pumping, with only short commons in the way of food. One of the pigs at once paid the debt of nature, and all hands partook of such abundant meals as they had not tasted since they finished the turtle-steaks and omelets. From this time the sircar looked out that they were well supplied with provisions daily.

Before the ship left Diamond Harbour, Captain Dillon returned on board, and the next day he and I started in a beauleah for Calcutta, taking with us the two New Zealanders. A pompous article appeared in the *Bengal Hurkaru*, announcing the arrival of His Royal Highness Prince Brian Boru, and His Excellency Morgan McMurragh, Esq., etc., etc. This announcement brought many visitors to see the chiefs, and then followed invitations to spend the evening at many of the chief merchants' houses, where they

amused their hospitable entertainers by performing their war-dance and singing their native songs about love and murder. They were honoured by an invitation from Barrackpore, where they went through their performances—of course in Maori costume—before Lord Combermere and a distinguished assembly. On this occasion Brian, who was a very good-looking fellow about twenty years of age, was presented with a captain's uniform complete, the sword very handsome—and a gold medal. Morgan, who, on the other hand, was remarkably ugly, was presented with a variety of articles equally appreciated by him. They returned highly gratified, and Brian was proud to wear his uniform on state occasions.

Captain Dillon lost no time in communicating to the Government the discovery he had made respecting the fate of La Perouse's expedition, and offered, if they would repair the *St. Patrick*, to go down in her to Vanikoro, and endeavour to bring away the white men said to be still living, and to obtain further information about the wrecks. The Government surveyor, after examining the old ship, was of opinion that it would cost £4000 to put her in proper repair; so that proposal was abandoned.

The sword-guard and other relics we had brought with us were carefully examined by the members of the Asiatic Society and all the *savans* of Calcutta,

and after the statements respecting the long missing ships had been fully discussed, the authorities were convinced of their truth, and orders were eventually given for the Hon. East India Company's cruiser *Research* to be fitted out for the voyage. The command was given to Captain Dillon, with instructions to proceed to Vanikoro and make further investigations.

Meanwhile, the *St. Patrick* had toiled up the river against the freshets, sometimes not making more than two or three miles in a whole day, her arrival at Calcutta being delayed until towards the end of September. Then another high-flown notice appeared in the *Hurkaru*, announcing the arrival of "the *Sante Patricio*, commanded by Dom Pedro Dillon, a noble-looking vessel mounting twenty-two guns, with the Boru flag flying at the main," etc. Twenty of these guns were wooden imitations, called Quakers.

Captain Dillon offered me promotion if I would join the *Research;* but I had been so long away from home that I was anxious to return, so I declined the offer. It so happened that the *Hooghly* (a ship of which my father was part-owner) had made her tedious track up the river in company with the *St. Patrick.* Her commander, Captain Reeves, called at Boyd, Beeby, and Co.'s office to inquire if they had heard of me, and when we met, told me that my father would be glad for me to come home as a passenger

with him. I replied that I did not want to be idle; on which he kindly said that though his complement was complete, if I liked to undertake the duty of sailmaker, he would make the position equal to third officer. To this I joyfully agreed, grateful to my good father, who, though he did not "tache me to fire a musket," had made me learn a trade which now stood me in good stead.

On November 3rd, I bade farewell to the friends with whom I had spent a few happy weeks, and joined the *Hooghly*. Next morning she dropped down to Garden Reach, and anchored off the entrance to the Botanical Gardens. An occurrence somewhat similar to that recorded as happening to the *St. Patrick* near the Gaspar buoy, transpired here. At daybreak, the cable was hove short, and as there was a freshet running six or seven knots, it was expected that the anchor would start, and we should dredge down with the force of the current; but though the helm was put hard over, first one way, then the other, the ship would not move, so the pilot ordered the anchor to be hove up and catted. This was done; still she remained as if moored head and stern. Two hand-leads were then made fast on a lead-line five or six fathoms apart; each end of the line was attached to a dinghy on each bow; the leads were lowered down, and as the dinghies dropped rapidly past the ship, the

line passed under the keel, showing that all was clear. Whilst we were lying thus, another ship dredged down within a hundred yards of us, before the full force of the freshet; but though the current ran by us with the same force, the ship lay motionless.

"Ah," said the pilot to the crew on the forecastle, "I see how it is. There are some of you chaps who are trying to pay your debts with the fore-topsail; but we'll give the sircar another chance of nabbing you. Let go the anchor!"

Down it plunged to the bottom, but it was a long time before the slack chain ran out.

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourselves," said the pilot. "Look at those honest fellows spinning down in that ship!"

We lost the day's work through this "chow chow" water, as the Chinese call it. At daybreak next morning, we hove short and put the helm aport; the spell was broken, the good ship steered athwart the stream, and dredged down as rapidly as her consort had done the day before. Notwithstanding the strong ebb-tides, so many detentions occurred—no steam being available—that we did not put the pilot on board his brig till November 10th.

How I revelled in the contrast between my present and my late circumstances, and in the anticipation of soon seeing old England once more! The captain

and officers were kind, my messmates sociable, the crew respectable, and their language free from the horrid blasphemy which continually assailed one's ears in the *St. Patrick*. Everything around made me feel happiness to which I had long been a stranger.

A fortnight afterwards, we anchored in Colombo Roads, and our cargo came off as fast as we could take it in. At that time it was considered advantageous to fill up the interstices of the bales of cinnamon with loose pepper; so after each height was stowed, the pepper bags were emptied between the bales, till the grains formed a level. It was dreadful work; the dust from the pepper set all hands sneezing and coughing so violently that sometimes we all had to make a rush on deck in order to recover our breath. However, like all other difficulties on board ship, this also was surmounted; our cargo was completed, and we sailed from Colombo just four weeks after discharging the pilot at Sand Heads.

Nothing very material happened until we were off the south-east coast of Africa, and working to windward with a light westerly breeze, from ten to eighteen miles off shore. On January 20th, 1827, at ten p.m., the ship was on the port tack, standing in towards the land. At that hour the captain went to his cabin, leaving orders with the second mate, who had the watch, to call him at midnight; he would

then tack off shore, as we should be close enough in. Now, unfortunately, the second mate was addicted to tippling, and on this particular night, after the captain had retired, treated himself to such a stiff "nor'-wester," that he entirely forgot the order. He was relieved by the chief officer in due course. The captain did not happen to wake, and the ship continued standing in towards the rocks fronting that part of the coast. I was in the mate's watch, and it was my first trick at the wheel. He sat down on the hencoop in front of me, and, apprehending no danger, composed himself for a comfortable "forty winks." About one a.m. I thought I saw breakers on the weather-bow. I touched the mate, and warned him. He looked up, and said, "I don't see anything, but I'll take a look forward." He found the look-out man on the forecastle fast asleep. He roused him up, and they both looked, and thought it was only the top of a wave breaking. Just as the mate reached the gangway on his way aft, a sea broke with a tremendous roar at a short distance, broad on the weather-bow, and beyond it a long line of breakers trending away to the north-eastward. I immediately whipped the helm hard up. The roar of the surf resounded through the ship, and the watch were on their feet in an instant. One of the seamen stamped on the forecastle called all hands, and shouted, "Lay aft to the

braces, and square away the after-yards." The chief mate lost all presence of mind; he laid hold of the poop-ladder, and roared out, "O Lord, what shall we do! Hard down with the helm!" But for once I disobeyed orders; for if I had put the helm down, we should have gone stem on to the rocks. The captain came rushing out of the cabin, and sprang up the ladder, knocking down the chief mate by the energy of his leap. He took in the situation at a glance, and said to me, "Is the helm up, George?"

"It's hard up, sir," I replied, "and she's going off fast."

He then gave his orders for trimming sails as the ship was wearing round. A few seconds after, she struck with such force that it seemed enough to knock all the masts out of her; but she did not hang. As she lifted, her head continued to pay off. A few moments of fearful suspense ensued, during which she again struck twice, but with much less force than the first time. As she was coming to, on the starboard tack, a rock half as high as the mizen-top appeared on our port-quarter, so close that it seemed as if you could have pitched a biscuit on it. The ship now drew away from the rocks, and we braced up on the starboard tack. The carpenter sounded the pumps, and found as yet no great increase of water in the hold. The watch was called, and we were devoutly

thankful for our providential deliverance from a watery grave. Had she hung on the rock when she first struck, not a soul would have lived to tell the tale. It was soon discovered that serious damage had been done; the ship had become leaky, and it was necessary to pump her out every two hours until we arrived home. The cursed drink has been the occasion of the loss of many a fine ship and all hands on board; in this case, we had a marvellous escape.

We touched at St. Helena for a few hours to get fresh provender and fill the water-casks; then "Blue Peter to the masthead flew;" we joyfully loosed the fore-topsail, and, after the long heave getting the anchor to the bows, crowded sail after sail on the ship until she became a flying cloud of canvas once more rolling along before the wind. "Here we go," exclaimed one of the jolly tars, "high-pole and sky-pole, scupper-hole and hawse-hole, spritsail, ringtail, moonsail, windsail, and watersail; blow, sweet breezes, and waft me to the arms of my adorable Desdemona."

Hazy weather prevented the land from being seen all the way up channel. Off the Wight, we spoke a Cowes pilot, who gave us the latest news, and supplied us with soft tack, fresh butter, and potatoes smelling deliciously of mother earth. The boat carried away several of our passengers, and we still felt our way along by the lead. Steam-tugs had not been invented

in those days, and not till April 5th did we lash alongside the old Bashemere at Blackwall.

I was up assisting to furl the fore-topsail, when I heard my name shouted out, and that I was wanted in the cabin. I immediately guessed that the dear old father who had been the last to take leave of me when I sailed, had come first on board to welcome the wanderer home. As I passed the captain on the quarter-deck, he said kindly, "George, there's some one you know in my cabin, waiting to see you." I opened the door, and my father rose to meet me. We grasped each other's hands; we looked in each other's eyes; but for some minutes our hearts were too full of joy for either of us to utter a word.

When we found our tongues, he said that he had permission for me to accompany him on shore at once. I was very soon ready, and in about an hour I arrived at "Home, sweet home," after an absence of three years and six weeks, during which I had been mercifully preserved in health through a series of difficulties and disasters such as seldom fall to the lot of a youngster in the merchant service.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"A sight
Would make each individual hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!"

SIX weeks flew rapidly by, in a pleasant round of visits amongst my friends, when I was appointed to the *Prince Regent*, bound to Madras with a cargo for the Honourable East India Company, which consisted of shot and shells, bar-iron, pigs of lead, chain cables and large anchors, and other articles of that description. There was no Plimsoll in those days, and every one loaded his ships according to his own greed, without dread of official interference; so dead weight was shipped until the upper ends of the hold stanchions dropped out of their sockets in the 'tween-deck beams; upon which, cleats four inches thick were nailed on to those beams to enclose the tops of the stanchions, and we went on loading again till all the cargo was on board.

On June 6th, 1827, we left the dock, laden as deep

as a sand-barge. From the nature of this cargo, which did not admit of its being much raised, the weight necessarily lay very low in the hold; the effect was to make the ship very uneasy in a seaway. When we reached the variables about the equator, if it was calm, and the ship fell off into the trough between two seas, she would roll her gunwales fairly under water, or, when close-hauled, she would pitch heavily, taking in green seas over the bows, and deluging the decks fore and aft. At such times I have watched the stanchion-heads working up and down till almost out of the four-inch cleats on the beams, showing that either the bottom sagged down or the beams sprang up to the extent of about three inches every time the ship pitched. At last she rolled away the foremast, and we bore up for Sierra Leone to procure a new one. Here we had the misfortune to lose the captain and a seaman by jungle fever, and were detained seven weeks. However, after a series of mishaps occasioned by our overloaded condition, we at last got rid of our dangerous cargo at Madras, and proceeded on to Calcutta, where we loaded for London.

I was sitting on deck, enjoying the cool of the evening, after a hard day's work unmooring and dropping down to Cooleah Bazaar, when I observed one of the Honourable East India Company's cruisers

sailing slowly up against the tide with a light southerly breeze. Can this be the *Research?* thought I. Taking up a spy-glass, I looked at the ship, and there, sure enough, stood my old commander, leaning over the gangway, wearing the old familiar broad-brimmed Manilla straw hat. In a few minutes the ship was abreast the *Prince Regent*, about twenty yards off. I hailed, "How d'ye do, Captain Dillon?" He started with surprise, and recognizing me at once, "Ah, Bayly," said he, "glad to see you. Come aboard, and I'll tell you about the discovery. It's all right."

I jumped into the dinghy and proceeded on board the *Research*, where I was warmly received by Captain and Mrs. Dillon, and spent the evening listening to the details of the expedition.

The captain told me he did not leave Calcutta till January, 1827, and had met with so many delays and hindrances at Hobart Town that he did not reach New Zealand until July 1st. Here he procured live stock and filled all the water-casks. Having received information that Captain Dumont d'Urville was at the Bay of Islands, in command of the French frigate *Astrolabe*, Dillon was in hopes of communicating with him, according to instructions; but the *Astrolabe* had sailed for the Friendly Islands a few days before the *Research* arrived.

On my asking what had become of the two New Zealand chiefs, whom he had named Brian Boru and Morgan McMurragh, Dillon said that a few days after the *Research* anchored off Korrorareka, a young chief came on board and introduced himself as a nephew of our old acquaintance, Boo Marray. He told Captain Dillon that about a twelvemonth before, his uncle had assembled a large force and attacked the River Thames tribe, of which Brian's father was the principal chief. Boo Marray, however, was worsted, himself and two hundred of his warriors being left dead on the field, and the rest making a precipitate retreat to their canoes. The object of the young chief was to inquire where the two young Thames chiefs were, who went away with us in the *St. Patrick*. When he found they were on board the *Research*, he said, with a ferocious look, "Then you must give them up to us directly, that, according to New Zealand law, we may kill them and eat them."

Dillon replied that they were tabooed, and under the protection of British guns, so his feast must be deferred for the present, at any rate. Two of Boo Marray's sons had been taken prisoners in the battle, and Tookoorooa (Brian's father) set them free, and furnished them with a canoe, in which they arrived home safe and sound; and here was the savage "retort courteous" for this generous act. Other

chiefs also came on board, all of whom rubbed noses with Brian and Morgan, and expressed admiration for the bravery of their relations; but—they had killed Boo Marray, so Brian might tell his friends, when he reached home, that they might expect another attack from the Bay of Island tribes as soon as the potatoes were housed. They then presented Brian with a few baskets of potatoes, and assured him that they had a great regard for his father, and were sorry that Maori law obliged them to seek blood for blood and go to war with him; after which they took a farewell rub of the nose and departed.

When the *Research* was off the River Thames, it would have been impossible, through stress of weather, to land Brian and Morgan without great detention. Owing to the lateness of the season, Dillon did not consider himself justified in incurring this delay. Brian implored him to try. "I now see my country," said he, "after being so long away; and if I go in the ship now, I may never see my home again; or if I do get back, I shall find my father and all my relations murdered, and I would rather share their fate, whatever it might be. But if I could get on shore now, with all the muskets and gunpowder I have here, I should encourage my people, and we should beat the Bay of Island tribes again." But it could not be, and when the poor

fellows saw the ship bear away from the land, they wept bitterly. They were eventually taken home when the *Research* touched again at New Zealand, on her return from Vanikoro. Two or three days after they landed, Honghi's tribe and the River Thames tribes had another desperate fight, in which the generous Tookoorooa and his son Brian, with a great number of their followers, were slain, and the Bay of Island tribes carried out their revenge, Maori-fashion.

While the vessel lay at anchor off Korrorareka, the guns were fired off one morning, and reloaded. The reports occasioned great consternation on shore, the natives thinking the *Research* was firing upon some of their countrymen. A priestess of high rank amongst them, who was believed to possess more than mortal powers, volunteered to go and see what was the matter. She boldly paddled off, demanded to see Peter, and, when he came to the gangway, inquired why he had fired his guns. After giving her a satisfactory explanation, the captain invited her and her suite on board, and asked them into the cabin. He described her as a tall, handsome, dignified woman, dressed in the state robes of her country, making quite a picture of savage royalty. Throwing herself into an armchair, she remarked that the day was cold, and asked for rum to warm her. A de-

canter of rum, a tumbler, and a bottle of water were placed before her, but she seemed to share the opinion of Ben Backstay's ghost,

"Never mix your liquors, boys, but always drink them neat,"

and tossed off nearly a tumblerful of raw spirit. She then called for a cigar, and became talkative. The surgeon's assistant, an elderly man, happening to be in the cabin, she asked who he was. Captain Dillon told her he was their priest and physician.

"Oh, I am a priestess," she said. "Will not my brother salute me, Maori-fashion?"

Mr. Richardson gallantly complied, and advanced to rub noses with her. As he stooped with that intent, his wig unfortunately fell off, displaying a huge bald pate.

It would be difficult to describe the consternation which ensued, for the priestess, never having seen a wig before, believed that the doctor had taken off his scalp by the aid of magic. She and her followers set up an awful yell and rushed out of the cabin, screaming out, "A witch, a wizard, an enchanter!"

During the alarm, Mr. Richardson recovered his wig and placed it on his head as before, to the no small astonishment of some of them, who ventured to peep slily at him whilst he was doing it.

After much trouble, the captain succeeded in

allaying the fears of her highness and suite, and they were persuaded to come into the cabin again. They cast terrified glances at the doctor, and asked whether he was a magician, how many evil spirits he could control, whether he could take off his head as well as his hair, etc.; to all of which they received ambiguous answers. The priestess regarded the doctor with great reverence.

During this conversation, one of the nymphs who attended on her highness, a girl about fourteen years old, slily approached Mr. Richardson, and mistaking a tuft of his natural hair for its movable substitute, gave it a good pull; but the hair holding fast, and the doctor turning an angry look upon her, she fled in terror, lest he should metamorphose her into a hog. This incident, no doubt, tended to confirm their belief in the priest's magic power.

Next day, Vancathai the priestess again visited the ship, more numerously attended, female curiosity having been wound up to the highest pitch. She begged as an especial favour that Dillon would send for the magician, and prevail on him to shake off the hair and skin from his head, as he had done the day before.

Meanwhile, the ship's draughtsman had been at work on Mr. Richardson's head. With much politeness the doctor approached her highness, made a most

graceful bow, and in a moment cast off his artificial hair, when, instead of an inoffensive bald pate, behold, a horrible double face met the eyes of the astonished priestess and her followers.

Dreadful indeed was the confusion which succeeded this display of even supermagical power. With a terrific howl, they bounded out of the cabin like a herd of antelopes, leaving the magician in peaceable possession. Infidelity itself was now convinced of the doctor's magical powers, and there was not a native unbeliever in the ship.

Even at this early period, the crews of whalers and other vessels resorting to the Bay of Islands had begun to teach the natives to drink ardent spirits, and the love of drink soon ran like wildfire all over the islands. Poor Vancathai appears to have been one of its first victims; but at that time the River Thames tribes would not touch intoxicating liquor. Whenever it was offered to them, they would say, "Kahowri, kakeino" (No; it is bad). A few years only had elapsed when a fine old chief said mournfully, "My poor country! numbers have now become drunkards. It has taken too deep root. I am afraid our nation is ruined. Drinking has become a general habit. Even the children drink grog."

## CHAPTER XV.

"The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul."

WHEN the *Research* bore away from the River Thames, her course was shaped for Tongataboo, Dillon being still in hopes of communicating with Captain Dumont d'Urville, who sailed for that island when he left New Zealand. But when the vessel reached the Friendly Islands, it was found there had been a quarrel between the Frenchmen and the natives, and that the *Astrolabe* had taken her departure some time before. Dillon therefore made but a short stay at Tongataboo, and sailed for Vanikoro, touching at Rothuma and Tucopia on the way. Rathea, a Tucopian who had been to Vanikoro, and once remained there a long time, agreed to accompany the *Research* as interpreter. Many more relics from the wrecks were also procured at Tucopia, amongst them a silver sword-handle, which exactly fitted the sword-guard purchased there in the *St. Patrick* in 1826. Martin Buchert went on shore to see his wives

and friends, amongst whom there were great rejoicings. He then returned on board, to assist in the explorations at Vanikoro.

At last, on September 7th, 1827, the *Research* reached her destination, and was hove to about six miles off shore. Two boats were sent in to search for a good anchorage inside the reefs which surrounded the island at a distance of from two to five miles from the shore, having several passages through them. When they were close in, the natives were observed rushing down to the beach, armed with bows and arrows, spears, etc., shouting and waving to the people in the boats to go away. Rathea stood up, and told them that the white men did not want to fight, but had come to make friends with them. Pointing to the ship, he said there was a great king on board, whose name was Peter; that he was on a voyage to visit all the islands in the world; that he had already visited New Zealand, Tongataboo, Rothuma, and Tucopia, loading the inhabitants with precious gifts. "You know me," said Rathea; "I lived with you a long time, and you were very kind to me; so I persuaded King Peter to come here and make presents to you."

On this the Vanikorans threw down their arms, and, tearing off green branches from the trees, threw them into the water as tokens of peace. They

then invited Rathea to land, which he did without hesitation, and was received as an old acquaintance. Martin Buchert then landed, and a friendly communication was thus commenced, which received no check during all the time the *Research* remained at the island. There can be no doubt that this satisfactory intercourse was due to the excellent tact which Dillon always displayed in dealing with natives.

The boats pursued their course in search of a safe anchorage for the ship, and, the report of King Peter's intentions having preceded them, they were welcomed at every village they passed. A convenient place to anchor was not found till after a long search, the water being deep in most places; meanwhile, the ship cruised about, Dillon making his observations, and giving names to the bays, headlands, etc. Eventually she ran into Bayly's Bay, and after several narrow escapes from coral shoals, came to an anchor in thirty fathoms. Here she lay during her stay at Vanikoro, and from this station the boats were sent exploring in every direction for the next twenty-five days, with the result that in all material points the account given by the Tucopian on board the *St. Patrick* was fully substantiated. A large quantity of iron knees, bolts, etc., with silver, copper, and brass articles of French

manufacture, were obtained from the natives, many of these, as well as a piece of the ornamental work of the stern, having the *fleur-de-lis* engraved upon them; the ship's bells were also found, stamped with "Bazin m'a fait;" and several brass guns were fished up off the coral reef, the numbers on which tallied with those of La Perouse's ships. A hand millstone brought away was afterwards recognized as part of their equipment, having been used for grinding the kiln-dried grain with which they were supplied. Iron in some shape or other was found in almost every house; the natives had managed to beat out the tapering ends of the knees into rough adzes.

The boats made several trips round the island, finding it generally wooded close down to the beach. Paiou was the only part of the coast where the ground had been cleared, and this was evidently the spot where the small vessel was built; besides, the shore there was free from rocks, so that they would have been able to launch their small craft in safety. Anxious inquiries were continually made after the two white men said to be surviving, but the natives all told the same story—that one had died about three years before, and had been taken off in a canoe and buried at sea; and that the other had gone away to some other island, in company with the chief of Pawcorie.

In vain Dillon and his officers searched amongst the trees and around the neighbourhood of Paiou and Whanoo for any record of the expedition; neither metal plate nor inscription of any sort was discovered. The natives denied that the disabled Frenchmen had been killed when they escaped from the wreck; but from the guarded manner in which they replied to questions, and their unwillingness to talk on the subject at all, Dillon had no doubt that the people at Whanoo and Denimah had retaliated upon the poor fellows the slaughter of their own people by the guns of the ship, and offered the skulls to their deities.

A chief about sixty-five to seventy years old, who exercised great authority over his people, was named by Captain Dillon "King Nero." By a few gifts judiciously bestowed, his friendship was secured. He gave the captain permission to cut wood wherever he pleased, and told him there was a good watering-place at the head of the bay. A number of young lads assisted in procuring these essentials, and were rewarded for their services with presents of fish-hooks, brass buttons, glass beads, etc. All were very friendly; even the children came out to meet the white men, and, taking hold of the officer's hands, led him to the watering-place.

Though all the tribes were equally kind to the

crew of the *Research*, they sometimes fought very fiercely with each other. In these battles they neither gave nor received quarter, and the victor carried off all the women and children as slaves. The Vanikorans are of the same breed as the natives of Santa Cruz. Their canoes, arms, etc., are exactly similar; their arrows are all poisoned.

One day a native brought on board some of the nuts containing the gum with which their arrows are poisoned. At Dillon's request, he showed him the process of poisoning an arrow. Taking up one of the nuts, he broke the shell, then scraped a juicy substance off the kernel with his thumb-nail; this he rubbed with his fingers and thumb on about eight inches of the arrow-head; then, taking some lime from his betel-box, he put it on his naked thigh, dipped his finger in it, and rubbed the part of the arrow which had been moistened with the gum until a light paste was formed on it, when the operation was complete, and it was left to dry. The natives all assured Dillon that the least prick of this arrow, sufficient to draw blood, would cause certain death in five days at farthest. Martin Buchert said that during his residence at Tucopia, several of these poisoned arrows had been brought from Vanikoro, with one of which a disappointed lover shot the object of his attachment, who died

four or five days afterwards, having suffered excruciating agonies. He also mentioned several instances of quarrels being revenged with this deadly weapon, with the same fatal result. Wishing to have further proof, Captain Dillon ordered an incision to be made in the thigh of a pig, and thrust the arrow just prepared into the wound, so as to bring a few drops of blood. The point of the arrow broke off, and remained in. Five days afterwards, the pig, which had been carefully watched by the captain and doctor, exhibited no signs of distress. He still ate his meals with a keen appetite. The wound had slightly festered, and discharged a little. Eleven days elapsed, and on the pig being shown, still healthy, to an aged chief who was on board when the animal was wounded, he did not seem surprised, and said pigs did not die when wounded with poisoned arrows, though such a wound to a man would have been certain death in five days.

Like all other natives, the Vanikorans are fond of wearing anything they consider ornamental. They have jet black woolly hair—this they dye white, yellow, purple, or red, according to fancy. One of their principal ornaments is a bunch of white feathers through a hole in the cartilage of the nose. One man wore there a piece of the glass tube of a thermometer, looking like a spritsail yard. There

is a greater abundance of yams and various fruits at Santa Cruz than at Vanikoro, which the people exchange for the usual articles before mentioned.

Dillon had now collected abundant evidence that the vessels wrecked at Vanikoro were those of La Perouse's expedition; and as fully half of the European part of his crew were laid up with fever and ague, he himself having had a smart touch of it, and he hoped at one of the neighbouring islands to get information of the survivor said to have gone away with a chief, he sailed away from Vanikoro.

Dillon says of the Vanikorans, "They are tractable, generous, and grateful, and so independent that they would not receive a single article without giving what they considered an equivalent. They paddled off to the ship unarmed when she was six or seven miles off shore, apparently unsuspicious of any breach of friendly compact. During the twenty-five days the *Research* was at anchor off Vanikoro, an uninterrupted harmony subsisted between us and the natives, who regretted our departure with unfeigned sorrow, and, much to their credit, no instance of dishonesty occurred, though frequent opportunities were not wanting to tempt them."

After leaving Vanikoro, the *Research* visited several of the neighbouring islands, but could get no tidings

of either the vessel in which the shipwrecked mariners sailed from Vanikoro, or the supposed remaining Frenchman. A young man on board, named Stewart, was landed at Santa Cruz, at his own request, under the protection of a friendly chief. He said he would remain till he had learnt the language, and would then go from island to island and endeavour to find this man. Dillon loaded him with presents which would be useful; a musket and ammunition, plenty of writing-materials, cutlery, ironmongery, and a Bible. The canoe was so deep that old Lamoa, the chief, slipped into the water to lighten her, and swam ashore.

The doctor now represented to Captain Dillon that the illness amongst the crew was becoming very serious, and warned him that the only chance of getting rid of the fever and ague would be to make the passage to India south about, touching at New Zealand to recruit. The ship's head was therefore turned to the southward, and she arrived at the old anchorage off Korrorareka on November 5th.

Here Dillon chartered a brig to carry all the South Sea natives to their respective homes. Poor Rathea pined away, through being so long absent from Tucopia, and died a few days after the *Research* came to an anchor. Brian, who was of a gentle nature, and now almost civilized, was fully aware that a war of

extermination would be raging between his father's tribe and the late Boo Marray's sons, and parted from Dillon with unfeigned regret. Morgan also shed tears, though he did not seem averse to the prospect of a fight. As for Martin Buchert, he lingered to the last, and was deeply affected at taking a last leave of Dillon. The past two years had revived the strong affection which naturally exists between two men who have been associated in such perils as they had shared together. But though Dillon and the doctor urged him to return to civilized life, the former promising never to allow him to want while he himself had a shilling, Martin said he had such certain provision made for him at Tucopia as he could not hope to obtain anywhere else; that he was growing old, and not able to work; moreover, he would there be entirely free from the temptation to drink, which he had no power to resist. He therefore, with many thanks, declined Dillon's kind offer, and resolved to spend the rest of his days in his adopted country. He was duly landed from the brig chartered at New Zealand, when great rejoicings took place among the natives: he had been away so much longer than was expected, that they had despaired of seeing him any more. Many years afterwards, I heard that he lived to a good old age, and died at last amongst the simple people who looked up to him as to a father.

The *Research* remained at New Zealand recruiting till December 13th, when, the crew having recovered their health, she sailed for Sydney. Having heard that the *Astrolabe* was at Hobart Town, and would probably touch at Port Jackson, Dillon waited there till January 31st, 1828, when, concluding that *Dumont d'Urville* had passed on to Vanikoro, he sailed for Calcutta, and anchored at Cooleah Bazaar on April 7th. Here he and I met again, as before related.

The relics were exhibited to the public at the museum of the Asiatic Society, and all doubt was removed as to their having belonged to the vessels under the command of La Perouse. Dillon was therefore instructed to take them under his charge and convey them to France.

After communicating with the Honourable East India Company in London, and receiving their commands, he arrived in Paris with the relics on February 1st, 1829. On February 22nd, his Most Christian Majesty Charles X., as a mark of his royal approval of his services, created Captain Peter Dillon a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, awarded him ten thousand francs to cover his expenses to Paris, and an annuity of four thousand francs for life, the half to be payable to those members of his family who should survive him.

Captain Dumont d'Urville visited Vanikoro about the time that Dillon left Sydney. He also brought home a large number of relics of the unfortunate ships, the heavy portion of which, as well as those brought home by Dillon, are massed into a monument in the form of an obelisk, which stands in the centre of the Musée de la Marine in the Louvre. In front of the obelisk stands a handsome glass case, containing the silver sword-guard and handle, and all the other small articles purchased from the natives. There, after the lapse of upwards of forty years, through the kindness of Admiral Paris (himself formerly an officer under Captain Dumont d'Urville), I had the pleasure of once more taking in my hand the well-remembered sword-guard. What reminiscences it conjured up!

Shortly after his visit to Paris, Dillon was appointed French consul to the South Sea Islands, and proceeded to Tahiti. After a few years' residence there, he resigned the consulship, and returned to England, where he lived on his pension until his death, which happened in 1846.

As for myself, in due time I rose to the command of a fine ship; and now for many years I have had the privilege of sharing with my colleagues the task of doing all in our power to lessen the dangers of navigation, and to promote the welfare of those em-

ployed in various ways in guiding the mariner into port. I have sailed in waters rough and smooth; and now that I must be drawing near the Fair Haven, in looking back upon my life's long voyage, I say from my heart, "Thank God for all His mercies."

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LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE VOYAGE OF LA PEROUSE, BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"Lov'd voyager; his pages had a zest
More sweet than fiction to my wond'ring breast:
When rapt in fancy, many a boyish day
I track'd his wand'rings o'er the wat'ry way,
Roam'd round the Aleutian Isles in waking dreams,
Or pluck'd the *fleur-de-lis* by Jesso's streams,
Or gladly leap'd on that far Tartar strand,
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe cross'd the plain,
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign;
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear,
And sweeping deerherds dread no hunter's snare.
Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touch'd romantic springs of thought,
That all my after-life, his fate and fame
Entwin'd romance with La Perouse's name.
Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was th' emprise of La Perouse.
Humanely glorious! men will weep for him,
When many a guilty, martial fame is dim.
He plough'd the deep to bind no captive's chain,
Pursued no rapine, strew'd no wreck with slain,
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes pluck'd no wreath from human woe.

'Twas his the earth's remotest bound to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man;
Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific, 'midst those isles
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of ocean new to nautic lore.
Yet he that led discovery o'er the wave
Still fills himself an undiscover'd grave.
He came not back. Conjecture's cheek grew pale
Year after year. In no propitious gale
His lilied banner held its homeward way,
And science sadden'd at her martyr's stay.
An age elapsed; no wreck told where or when
The chief went down with all his gallant men,
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perish'd, or by wilder men of blood;
The shudd'ring fancy only guess'd his doom,
And doubt to sorrow gave but deeper gloom.
An age elapsed; when men were dead or grey,
Whose hearts had mourn'd him in their youthful day,
Fame trac'd on Mannicolo's * shore at last,
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
The islesmen told of some surviving men,
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.
Sad bourne of all his toils, with all his band,
To sleep wreck'd, shroudless, on a savage strand.
Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death? The hope to live in hearts unborn.
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth foretasting fame that follows death.
That worth had La Perouse; that meed he won.
He sleeps; his life's long stormy work is done.
In the great deep whose boundaries and space
He measur'd, Fate ordain'd his resting-place;

* Vanikoro.

But bade his fame, like th' ocean rolling o'er
His relics, visit ev'ry earthly shore.
Fair science on that ocean's azure robe
Still writes his name in picturing the globe ;
And paints (what fairer wreath could glory twine !)
His watery course a world-encircling line."

THE END.

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